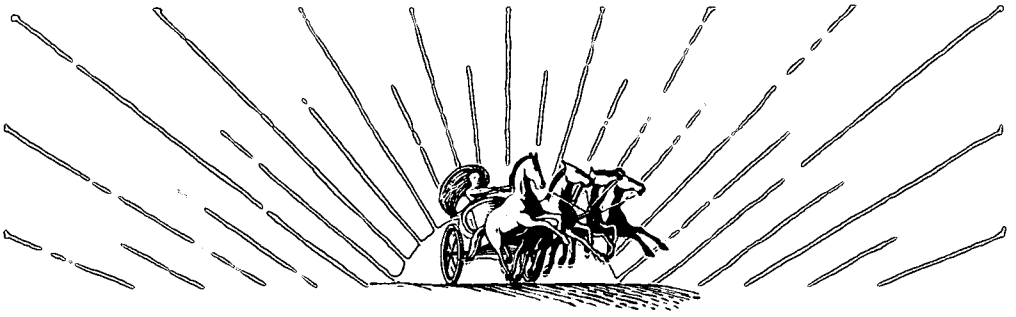

THE LIVING AGE

[MONTHLY NUMBER]

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

C. F. G. Masterman has been a sociologist, a journalist, a politician, and an author. At the outbreak of the war he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Asquith's Cabinet, and then became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster with a seat in the Cabinet. Since then he has been best known as a political writer and an uncompromising foe of the Coalition. At the Treasury he was largely responsible for the framing of the National Health Insurance Act. Before his entry into the political field he had spent several years studying social questions in Camberwell, and was at one time literary editor of the *Daily News*.

Edmond Rossier is Professor of History on the Faculté des Lettres at the University of Lausanne, and a well-known writer on international affairs.

A graduate of the École Normale Supérieure in Paris, **Pierre Bouscharain** was for some time a professor at the University of Sheffield, and is at present attached to the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

We suspect, without having positive — even decisive internal — evidence, that **H——** is Leonard Huxley himself, the editor of the *Cornhill*. His style betrays neither the fact that he is a son of Thomas and father of Julian Huxley, nor the more compromising fact that he is also the father of Aldous Huxley. But the family rather goes in for good prose, — of various kinds, — and perhaps that is evidence enough.

With servants like the excellent **Captain Nicola Popoff** at its command, the Imperial Russian Government should never have fallen, one cannot but think, even under the stress of modern warfare. Readers of the previous installments of his Conan Doyle narrative will remember that he is the former head of the Russian Secret Service in Siberia, and is now in exile in Serbia.

Ani Pfister is the wife of a German physician resident in China.

Manuscript fragments left by **Lev Tolstoi** continue to appear from time to time, and *Volia Rossii*, the Prague Russian-language review, has recently published a series of passages originally intended for use in *The Cossacks*. Such 'remains' do not usually add anything fundamental to our knowledge of a man like Tolstoi, but no light on so great a figure can be valueless.

Charles Fenby is a frequent contributor of sketches and tales to the *Manchester Guardian* and other Northern papers.

Cloudesley Brereton is a writer and lecturer on educational subjects who has the French title of *Officier de l'Instruction Publique* and is a divisional inspector in modern languages for the London County Council. His experience as an educational inspector has been divided between England and France, and he is the author of reports on French rural education, on a comparison between French and English secondary schools, and on physical education in France. Less officially he is something of a lyric poet, and has one volume of poems — *Mystica Lyrica* — to his credit.

Colonel Desmond Chapman-Huston is better known under his pseudonym, Desmond Mountjoy, as a playwright, essayist, and poet, and as a contributor of articles on international affairs, the League of Nations, and literary and dramatic subjects to the newspapers and reviews. He is also the editor of Lord Curzon's speeches.

Cecil Day Lewis is a young English poet who has clearly learned much from Mr. Walter de la Mare, but has also been able to make his own use of it.

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Next Week

THIS UNNECESSARY STRIKE *A 'New Statesman' Leader*

Could the general strike in England have been averted if the Government had acted wisely? A leader-writer in one of the more uncompromising Opposition weeklies declares that it could, and that no one except Die-hards and Communists desired it.

SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA *By Leopold Weiss*

The prospect of a new Egyptian Government coming into power shortly gives special interest to the question of Anglo-Egyptian relations. According to a German correspondent, the foci of infection are in the territory at the source of the Nile.

VASSAL AMERICA *By Joaquín Edwards Bello*

Political independence, says a Chilean publicist, is of little consequence if it is not complemented by economic self-government. None of the South American republics, in his opinion, enjoys that status.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS *By John Morley*

Only recently has it been known — as a result of Sir Edmund Gosse's revelation — that the most damaging review of Swinburne's ill-starred *Poems and Ballads* was written by the man who afterward, as editor of the *Fortnightly*, became one of the poet's chief journalistic friends. After reading the review, there can be no doubt that Morley as a young man swung a wicked pen.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *JUNE 5, 1926* — NO. 4274

AROUND THE WORLD IN MAY

Now that the British general strike, into which the country seems to have muddled rather than plunged, and which both parties have conducted with an eye on the next general election as well as the immediate industrial issue, has dwindled to a prosaic medley of dispersed negotiations between employers and workers, the Transatlantic world has returned to its chronic preoccupation with currency crises at home and trade problems abroad. Economics is trumps at the European card table, although unruly, unpredictable, and apparently irrational emotional impulses continue to unsettle both domestic and foreign politics. Rather broad hints have appeared in English journals, as well as in our cable dispatches, to the effect that the British strike was precipitated by a flash of temper at the midnight meeting of the Cabinet, whose members grew impatient at the time taken by the Labor representatives to agree upon the precise wording of a formula already accepted in principle, and resented the snap strike, unauthorized by the trade-union leaders, that occurred at the *Daily Mail* office. Mr. Luther's Cabinet has been overthrown in Germany over what seems to an outsider a largely sentimental question as to what colors shall fly over German consulates. Pilsudski's last adventure in Poland, though ultimately due to deeper causes, was probably prompted by personal piques and jealousies. Italian Fascism seems to be largely an emotional phenomenon, and France and Spain would hardly be fighting in the Rif if questions of prestige, rather than more substantial issues, were not at stake there.

Nevertheless, Europe's economic rehabilitation is her first and foremost concern. Late in April a committee of experts appointed by the League of Nations met in Geneva to prepare the way for a world economic conference. Such gatherings are principally opinion-making affairs, to be sure, but then opinion is something in the world. Two basic questions will come before the proposed conference — the control and allotment of raw materials in the international market, and the removal of artificial trade barriers between na-

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tions. The policy of self-sufficiency, of restricting trade with one's neighbors, which was in such high repute immediately after the war, has admittedly broken down in Europe. A Continental Customs Union is not yet an actual issue, but the pendulum of business and political opinion abroad is beginning to swing toward freer trade, after its recent plunge in the ultra-protectionist direction. Professor Cassel, the Swedish economist, argues in a widely quoted article: 'Countries have suffered from depression and unemployment and have done everything in their power to protect themselves against foreign competition, with the result that depression has become still worse, whereupon new protective measures have been resorted to. . . . People now begin to see the necessity of military disarmament, but equally urgent is disarmament in international trade policy.' England, of course, has been groping, though cautiously and deviously, toward a new protection, but if British wages are to be lowered — and that seems to be in the air after the strike — the country's fiscal policies must aim to make the cost of living as low as possible.

At the conference which it is proposed to hold, Italy, backed by other countries that are short on raw materials and colonies, will doubtless plead for compulsory world distribution of raw materials. Even nations well endowed with natural resources, like the United States, experience unpleasant scarcities at times, as we have witnessed recently in case of rubber, nitrates, and other essential industrial commodities. Through its appellate jurisdiction over the mandated territories, the League exercises some concrete authority here; and should Germany become a member, additional weight may be thrown into the scales in favor of far-reaching arrangements for the international allotment of certain colonial commodities.

But the most spectacular economic issue facing Europe at the moment is the currency collapse in France, Belgium, Poland, several of the newer and smaller States, less markedly in Italy, and somewhat disguised in Russia. The tumbling of francs, lire, zloty, chervontsy, dinars, and the rest, can be explained by a dozen causes, but the most popular one abroad, and therefore the most important psychologically, is Uncle Sam's insistence upon collecting what Europe owes him. Auguste Gauvain, editor of *Journal des Débats*, puts this argument in a nutshell. After explaining that England is obliged to exact enough from her debtors to pay her obligations to America, he exclaims: 'To the United States, therefore, flow all the gold and bills of exchange of Europe — in other words, the products of the labor of Europe's workers. Victors and vanquished have become tributaries to America, who is the only beneficiary of the war. The collapse of the French and the Belgian francs within the past few days is the result of England's violent struggle to keep the sovereign on a par with the dollar. Struck to the very heart of her economic life by a general strike of revolutionary intention, Great Britain has been able to keep the pound at par only by buying dollars with her francs and her lire. That is why, contrary to the general prediction of the exchanges, the agreement between Beranger and Mellon at Washington has not steadied the franc, any more than the settlement of the Belgian debt to the United States and the stabilization of the franc of that country has prevented her money from falling. The dollar is king.'

This is not the universal opinion, however. The London *Statist* analyzes the setbacks to currency reconstruction in France, Belgium, Poland, and

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Russia as 'isolated incidents and not connected developments symptomatic of the outbreak of a new inflation epidemic on the Continent.' France owes her troubles to her delay in adopting a sound financial programme, to her war in Morocco, and to her unsettled political situation at home. In Belgium and Poland similar conditions prevail, while in Russia the currency breakdown is due to easily recognizable economic causes peculiar to that country. The editor adds: —

> It is noteworthy that the countries now experiencing inflation are those which were unable or unwilling to obtain outside help. In contrast, the reconstruction schemes launched by the League of Nations have everywhere proved a success. In the countries mentioned above stability would have been equally assured if an external loan to aid in establishing Budget equilibrium could have been obtained. In two of the countries, Belgium and Poland, there is a strong case for intervention by the League of Nations, and it is to be hoped that their difficulties will be tackled without delay, lest they come to jeopardize the hard-won stability of other Continental nations.

The same journal, in a review of an interesting book entitled *British War Budgets*, draws an illuminating parallel between the present condition of Great Britain and Europe and that following the Napoleonic Wars. As happened in 1919–1920, the triumphal close of hostilities in 1815 led to an outburst of speculation. But this semblance of prosperity soon merged into a commercial depression which had its roots in 'excessive taxation, the exhaustion of our foreign customers, and the unfortunate occurrence of bad harvests.' Recovery was exceedingly slow, although conditions were in some respects more favorable for prompt recuperation than they are at present. 'The Peace Treaty of 1815 made little disturbance in the map of Europe, and the vanquished nation (France) retained her pre-war boundaries. Indemnities were light, and the war debts to Britain from her allies were not claimed. There was a real disarmament and a real peace, and consequently retrenchments in national expenditure were undertaken on a courageous and substantial scale.'

Nevertheless, the reviewer goes on to say, 'after 1815 twenty-five years of more or less continuous depression were experienced. The wars which had preceded and caused this depression involved a degree of destruction and waste that must appear insignificant in comparison with the price that had to be paid for the Great War. . . . Further, Great Britain took twenty-five years to recover, although she was the acknowledged and undisputed "workshop of the world." Our industrial supremacy has been seriously encroached upon during the intervening century, and now many of our industries are fighting for their existence in the competitive markets of the world. The stage that has been set for our economic recovery is beset with difficulties, with the impedimenta of tariff barriers, of fluctuating exchanges, of impaired international confidence. In an absolute sense we may be immeasurably better equipped to recover, commercially and industrially, than we were in 1815, but, speaking relatively, we are not.'

Stéphane Lauzanne, reviewing in *Matin* the recent fall of the Belgian franc after it had been stabilized for several months, explains that the Belgians had done all the things supposed to be necessary to put their currency on a sound basis. They had balanced their budget, settled their foreign debt, and for six months had kept the franc at the same point on the exchanges. When the unexpected collapse occurred, some attributed it to differences

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of opinion between M. Janssen, the Minister of Finance, and the leading bankers of Belgium; others ascribed it to an eleventh-hour refusal of American lenders, frightened by the failure of the Italian loan in their country, to advance the funds upon which the Government had depended; still others blamed the Socialist members of the Cabinet for alleged radical statements that had disquieted foreign financiers. M. Lauzanne proceeds to show that all these rumors were false. The Belgian bankers had raised no serious difficulties; American financiers had merely made the reasonable demand that certain needed administrative reforms be made on the Government railways. Neither were the Socialists to blame. What, then, is the explanation? M. Lauzanne quotes a 'practical' financier to this effect: 'Stabilization is a product of nature and not of alchemy.' In other words, he reaches the agnostic conclusion of many of his countrymen, that there is no panacea, no single legislative or financial remedy, for Europe's economic ills. They can be cured only by the healing hand of time.

The Preparatory Conference on Disarmament had a lukewarm press. The London *Times* thus expressed the prevailing attitude toward it in a leader printed prior to the meeting: 'Disarmament is not a subject that profoundly moves European opinion in the present condition of new and vague uncertainty. It appears to be a little remote from the most burning issues.' Nevertheless, 'it is more than ever clearly necessary that the most powerful nations should at least begin seriously and practically to consider a task that it will take some years to accomplish. There is no need to let the impulse to reduce armaments die because of momentary political difficulties. . . . The guaranties of a wide security are within the grasp of a courageous statesmanship.' Europe appears to be more interested at the moment in another Geneva meeting — that of the Commission to consider changes in the League Council that will ensure Germany's admission next September. Three measures have been suggested — to keep the Council as it is, to increase the number of permanent seats, or to revise the Covenant. To leave the Council as it is would not help Germany, for, even if Brazil and Spain were not reëlected in September, their terms hold over until December, and they could therefore again veto Germany's admission. Moreover, to refuse to elect either country might lead to its withdrawal, and perhaps to the secession of other Governments from the League. To enlarge the Council is merely to invite new difficulties, for competition for the additional seats will be as keen as it is for the smaller number at present. A revision of the Covenant, while admittedly desirable in itself, cannot be accomplished promptly, and might defer Germany's admission indefinitely, with all the hazards that implies. Meanwhile the Commission is sitting, and its decision may be made before these lines reach our readers.

Financial intrigue is behind some of the alarmist political news from Europe, if we are to believe the Italian Government's vigorous denial of the sedulously circulated reports concerning its warlike designs in the Levant and elsewhere. Rome's official statement stigmatized these stories as 'absolutely false and devoid of any basis whatsoever,' and attributed them to speculators who are trying to depress the lira in international exchange.

Germany seems headed toward a plebiscite spree. First is the referendum on expropriating the property of the Princes, already called for by petition. Next is the demand for a popular vote

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upon the flag question. The Weimar Constitution provided for a new banner at home and for the retention of the old Imperial banner at sea; a plebiscite is now called for to decide which colors shall finally represent the Republic. The champions of the two flags respectively are not necessarily Republicans on the one hand and Monarchists on the other. In fact, Ebert, Germany's Socialist President, favored retaining the old colors. The third controversy is over a new scaling law, to replace the present statute fixing the value of securities, issued before and during the deflation of the currency, at a radically reduced figure. The owners of these securities want the rate revised upward; but that would upset the estimates of Germany's ability to pay Reparations, upon which the Dawes Plan is based.

The most dramatic development of the month in Europe is Pilsudski's seizure of power in Poland. This crisis has been hovering over the country for several months. Its ultimate background is dissatisfaction with the financial programme of the late Skrzynski Ministry, which contemplated no reduction in Government expenditures, but proposed to add ten per cent to existing taxes, to levy an excise on flour, and to increase passenger fares and freight rates on the Government railways. French objections are held responsible for the defeat of a proposal to reduce the army appropriations. Krakow has been for some time a focus of financial discontent in Poland. Prominent publicists and financiers in that city, with the support of certain Warsaw bankers, have even advocated requesting the League to establish a sort of receivership over the country, as it has done over Austria and Hungary — a proposal that provoked an outburst of indignant protest from the Nationalists.

The Socialists, who want to lower the cost of living, would save the country financially by heavy export taxes, which would rest mostly upon the peasants' produce, or else by a Government monopoly of the export trade. Witos, the peasant leader whose Cabinet was turned out of office by Pilsudski, represented the policies of the Right and Centre, though he has shifted in the past from one wing to another as political expediency seemed to demand. Pilsudski, who is probably the most popular man in Poland among the masses, has Socialist traditions behind him, but he has hitherto been regarded in Government circles as a person who never does anything decisive. During his term as National Regent and subsequently he had repeated opportunities to abolish Parliament and to take authority into his own hands. Party leaders of very different complexions wanted him to do so, and the people would have consented; but he steadfastly refused to resort to a measure to which he was averse by both temperament and principle. Nevertheless, he was a violent critic of the Skrzynski Government, and since the present economic crisis, which has made the people intensely dissatisfied with their factious Parliament, and ergo with all parliamentary institutions, a large element has turned toward him as the country's only hope. The Marshal is bitterly hated by the Conservatives and Monarchists, however, and it has been an open secret for several weeks that a political committee had been organized sub rosa in Posen to set up a Conservative countergovernment if he should seize power. The driving element there is the 'Union of Ex-Reserve Officers,' and with the exception of the garrison at Bromberg the army in those provinces will back the Conservatives against Warsaw. A similar situation exists in Galicia, where Sikorski, one of Pilsudski's bitterest

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enemies in the army, is in command of the Lemberg Corps. While officers of lower rank and the common soldiers are enthusiastic Pilsudski men, the higher officers are mostly against him.

A few months ago, when the latter were called upon to vote for members of a Higher Army Board, consisting of seventeen generals, Pilsudski's ticket received twenty-five and Sikorski's more than sixty ballots. Warsaw looks upon the intrigues at Posen and Krakow as dangerous secessionist movements. Crisscross through these territorial divisions runs the cleavage between the big landlords and the agrarian reformers. The squireocracy has come out for a monarchy, partly to block the programme for the compulsory partitioning of the big estates and their sale to small freeholders. Such a measure was easily applied to the big Posen properties owned by Germans, for that was regarded as patriotic; but when it comes to enforcing it against Polish estate owners in former Austrian and Russian Poland the shoe is on the other foot.

Another high point in world affairs during May was in Morocco, where peace negotiations between Abd-el-Krim and his opponents were broken off. It is difficult to judge the merits of this case, though we have a suspicion that if France had been dealing alone with the Riffian chieftain they would have reached an agreement. In fact, the French have gained, at least for the time being, all they are fighting for — the security of their zone in Morocco. But the Spaniards have not attained their objects. They have seized a new debarkation point in Riffian territory, but they have not been able to join up this precariously held area with their main base at Tetuán. In fact, the negotiations with Abd-el-Krim were initiated at the instance of France, and with only the reluctant assent of the Spaniards; and from the first Madrid has been prolific in prophecies that they would fail. That opinion has been shared, however, by many veteran French campaigners in Africa, who accuse the Riffi of treachery, insincerity, and intrigue in diplomatic dealings, and allege that Abd-el-Krim's only object in negotiating was to delay the advance of his enemies until June, when the intense heat and lack of water seriously handicap the operations of European troops. On the other hand, the Riffi can say: 'Let us alone and we will let you alone. You are uninvited guests here. Your terms amount to virtual subjugation — to the loss of our independance. We will fight rather than yield.' Abyssinia is the only other acutely controversial point in Africa at the moment, and to its problem we shall devote an informing article next week.

France's campaign in Syria is apparently approaching a termination, though at the cost of a military effort that seems strangely inconsistent with the theory of mandatory control elaborated by the League of Nations. Meanwhile England and Turkey are busily but secretly negotiating for an amicable settlement of their Mosul dispute. Alluding to these conversations, — naturally without disclosing their details, — Tevfik Bey, Mustapha Kemal's Foreign Minister, has defined Turkey's programme as follows: 'Our whole foreign policy is very simple and comprehensible if you bear in mind that we are trying to establish peace step by step, since it is impossible to settle all our controversies at one time.' Turkey has definitive boundary treaties with Russia and with France, and hopes to reach the same sort of settlement with Great Britain. Meanwhile an agitation has started in the Moslem world for a Mohammedan

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League of Nations, and an assembly of delegates from every important Mohammedan country, from Morocco to the Moro provinces of the Philippines, convenes at Cairo this month to consider this question in connection with the election of a new Caliph.

The Chinese kaleidoscope has assumed several new patterns since the fighting around Tientsin and the evacuation of Peking by General Feng's armies. That commander has vanished mysteriously for the moment from the public stage. The native press suspects that he is lurking within the confines of the country and forming new combinations against his enemies; but he is elsewhere reported to be visiting his Russian friends at the Soviet capital. However that may be, practically all of the China north of Canton with which the Western world comes into immediate contact is now in the hands of Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, last year's enemies and this year's allies. On the whole, the recent developments are supposed to be in line with the wishes of the Western Powers, especially Great Britain and Japan. Public attention in Japan itself is primarily engaged at present by domestic questions: relief from overpopulation, remedies for the business depression, a way to keep the people from deserting the farms and crowding into the cities, the feminist movement, parliamentary reform, and the formation of a Proletarian Party. So far as surface indications show, a complete swing of the pendulum has occurred in that country, from the aggressive, self-confident, expansionist nationalism of a few years ago, to introspective pessimism. The Wakatsuki Cabinet is credited with a rather grandiose scheme to transfer Koreans in large numbers from their native land to South Manchuria, and to encourage the settlement of Japanese in the districts thus partially evacuated. But the press views such projects with skepticism.

The Tacna-Arica controversy remains the all-absorbing international topic in Latin America, although our present and prospective relations with Mexico likewise command much attention. On the twenty-fifth of March, after several postponements, the Plebiscite Commission held a meeting to consider the Peruvian demand that the provinces be 'neutralized' for the election, and that the date of the balloting be deferred in order to permit a complete registration. This demand was refused at that time, although in denying it General Lassiter stated that Chile had not fulfilled the requirements indispensable for an honest election, and later the decision was reversed. Alberto Ulloa, Professor of International Law at the University of Lima, in an article that has attracted some attention in Latin America, protested at the time of this refusal: 'The fundamental weakness in President Coolidge's decision is that in his capacity as arbiter he has not regarded the case in the light of abstract justice. He has looked upon it simply as a question of fact, as a material question. He has not considered whether a plebiscite ought to be held or not, but whether it can be held or not. The mentality of his race compels him to subordinate the idea of right to the idea of might.'

The *West Coast Leader*, which has been an ardent champion of Peru's case, thus summarized the situation at the end of April from the Lima-American standpoint: 'If, out of the welter of controversy and discord now agitating Washington and half the capitals of Latin America, a definitive agreement finally emerges, offering some assurance of harmony and amity in the international politics of the West Coast of South America, it will undoubtedly be the fate of Secretary Kellogg to go

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down in history as one of the greatest constructive Secretaries of State. Taking the formula of his predecessor, Hughes, and finding it impracticable for his purpose, he has been laboring ever since to erect some sort of tenantable structure over the ruins. Whether the structure is a permanent palace of peace, or merely a temporary lean-to against the wind and rain, remains to be seen. If he fails to get up even a lean-to against wind and rain, he will undoubtedly go down in Pan-American diplomatic annals as a lamentable failure.'

Chile has contended for a plebiscite because she is confident that she can carry it as long as she is in de facto control of the disputed provinces. Peru does not want to submit her case to a popular vote unless the provinces are placed under neutral jurisdiction. A certain element in Chile, including some very influential men, has tried to discredit a diplomatic settlement which contemplates a division of the disputed territories, and an independent outlet to the sea for Bolivia, by associating such a solution with North American financial intrigues, and insinuating that our people would receive a big fee for their good offices in the shape of profitable concessions in this region. This attitude is excusable in so far as Chile undoubtedly stands to gain more from the strict enforcement of President Coolidge's original decision than from a diplomatic compromise. For the latter would mean for Chile the sacrifice of some territory, — albeit, so far as known, of little economic value, — and also the loss of considerable Bolivian business for her railway system, since the La Paz Government would undoubtedly throw its country's trade into an independent outlet to the sea. Argentina — though this is a rather remote speculation — probably favors Bolivia's claims, since the railway from La Paz to Arica, if under the latter country's flag, would give her own railways direct land communication to the Pacific outside of Chile's jurisdiction.

THE TWO TARTUFFES

Russia proposes to erect at Vladivostok a Statue of Liberty with the head of Lenin. — *Rire*, Paris

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS

OFFICER. 'Have you seen anything interesting in Paris?'

YANKEE TOURIST. 'Why, yes, Lieutenant — *The Wreck* at the Comédie Française, and another at the Chamber of Deputies.'

— *L'Écho de Paris*, Paris

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THE BRITISH COAL SITUATION[1]

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE CHARLES F. G. MASTERMAN

[THIS article, by a former member of the British Government who was in charge of the department dealing with the coal mines under the Liberal Ministry, was written before the recent strike; but the conditions it describes have not been materially modified by that event.]

THE Report of the Coal Commission received enormous newspaper publicity when first issued, and has formed ever since the subject of national discussion. There are two reasons for this concentrated interest on a document which is the latest of a succession of similar investigations that have been carried on in connection with this industry ever since the signing of the peace of Versailles. The first is the desperate condition into which the coal industry itself has fallen, which has made everyone desire to know more about the intricate nature of the forces that have wrought this ruin, and to hope that someone will suddenly discover some method by which their consequences may be averted. The second is that this collapse in the mines has had wide reverberations outside the mining areas owing to the sudden granting by Mr. Baldwin last year, twenty-four hours after he had refused it, of a subsidy in support of wages and, to a limited extent, of profits, in order to avert a threat of a general upheaval, whose consequences no man was able to foresee. This fear remains. The situation has not materially changed so far as the hard facts of commerce and trade are concerned. Therefore this Report, the outcome of much industry and energy by men with knowledge of business and skilled economists, appears to most persons as the last word that can be said on the subject, upon which must be based any plan of substantial improvement.

Let it be confessed at once that hopes are probably dupes, even if fears may be liars. The Report is written with great skill, and even distinction, of literary expression. It is written in such an attractive form that the most complicated factors in the situation are smoothed and straightened out. As a diagnosis of the condition of the British coal industry it can hardly be bettered. In a particularly short space it leads even the most ignorant almost from the fundamental idea of what a coalpit is, through the conditions of coal production, of coal distribution, and the extraordinary wage-scales which have grown up in the coal fields, to the forces which have made for previous disputes, to the life of the inhabitants of the coal villages. These represent from three to four millions of the flower of the working population of this country. They live upon the earnings of the breadwinner of the family from raising coal, which is Britain's gold, and placing it at the disposal of the British manufacturer and of the British export trade. The

[1] From the *Contemporary Review* (London Liberal monthly), *April*

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Report also describes the complications that have arisen in the personal relations of operators and miners, the gradual fissure between employers and employed until they are both bound in the two strongest associations that exist in any industry in the country — the Miners Federation and the Mining Association. It describes the continual bickering; the distrust; the belief of the men, or at least the belief expounded by the leaders of the men, that the owners are always endeavoring to reduce their standard of living in order to obtain greater profit; and the belief, on the other hand, of the employers, or that which is expounded by the leaders of the employers, that the men are always being stimulated by agitators to obtain wages beyond the rate that will enable the coal fields to be worked, with a view to an ultimate end — these coal fields being taken away from private ownership and being handed over to the State under some form of what is vaguely called nationalization.

This poisonous atmosphere of suspicion is unique in the trade organizations of this country. Normally, in cotton and other textiles, employers and trade-union leaders pretty well understand each other, and manage to rub along by compromises when difficult times come. The iron and steel industry has not had a strike for thirty years, and works under an agreement of wages regulated by a sliding scale adjusted to the amount of production. The railway workers, though occasionally disturbed by lightning strikes, find their leaders on the best possible terms with the railway directors and managers, and have learned to settle almost automatically by negotiation questions of hours, wages, and conditions. But in the coal fields there is no Locarno spirit. War is assumed to be the normal condition between employers and employed. Although this sentiment of hatred does not exist universally between the individual workers and employers, it is characteristic of all the relationships which from time to time arise in confronting new conditions, or readjusting prices or hours between one body and the other, with the help of Government Committees or Acts of Parliament.

In so far as the Report fails, it fails as those who were familiar with the facts knew it was bound to fail. It has no real remedy for bridging the gulf that has suddenly opened between the price at which coal can be sold and the price at which coal can be raised. Although it examines a variety of expedients, — sometimes half-desperately asserting that science will come in to multiply efficiency, and sometimes, with almost excessive optimism, believing in the recovery of foreign markets that have been lost, — it really leaves to the acute observer the position as to curing a great sickness almost precisely the same as it was when the owners endeavored to enforce lower wages and longer hours upon the men last summer, and when the men, supported by the other trade-unions, compelled Mr. Baldwin as an alternative to provide money from the public revenues to enable the same wages to be paid and the same hours to be worked as heretofore.

The demand for British export coal, which maintained the prosperity of some of the greatest British coal fields, — Durham, Northumberland, South Wales, — has suddenly sunk by millions of tons per year. There are a variety of reasons for this change: the development of 'white coal,' or electric power, from water in the Continental nations; the determination of foreign countries to be freed from the slavery of British coal which our Allies especially experienced during the war,

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when, for example, coal sold to Italy at eighteen shillings a ton advanced to nearly six pounds and, of course, produced ruin in Lombardy and the regions where the factories were worked by coal power. France has restored her ruined mines by the best possible equipment and is turning out more coal than in 1913, besides advancing great schemes for the electrification of her railways by gigantic water-power stations. Germany, through the use of lignite or brown coal, which was practically unworked before the war, is producing some sixteen million tons from this source alone, apart from her old coal fields, and has also, perhaps partly through Reparation payments, undercut the British market in Italy and in Central Europe. Oil is coming more and more to replace coal, first in the Royal Navy, and then in the Mercantile Marine.

The result is, as the Report sets out in devastating figures, that, apart from the subsidy, over seventy per cent of the coal raised in the great majority of British mines costs more to place at the pit-head than the selling price. Nor does there appear to be any reason why this condition should not continue. All the nations of Europe are increasing their own coal output. Mines are being opened in countries, such as Spain, where the coal industry works behind a tariff that closes the markets against British coal at the price available. More and more, undoubtedly, those countries who are not content to be dependent on British coal will learn to depend on their own coal fields, and, in conformity with the new nationalism that has been created by the war, will make themselves self-supporting in the matter of power for their factories and domestic use. The second great point emphasized in the Report is that we are continually increasing the cost of our coal as sold at the pit-mouth. This is in particular due to the fact that there are many more workers underground than before the war, whose united efforts produce less coal than was produced formerly by a smaller number. A variety of charges and insinuations advanced by various parties are dealt with very fully in the Commission's Report and account for this deplorable fact. It is stated that the men will not do the same amount of work they did, and are deliberately reducing output, in the belief that if less coal is produced, and prices rise, wages will be maintained, and that if they ruin the employers they may obtain the nationalization they desire.

The Commission definitely reports that it has no evidence of any such conduct. It would appear that, as the hewers, for example, who 'set the pace' of the pit, are paid at piece rates, and therefore have to work harder in order to obtain the same income they used to earn before the system of divided profits came into force, the tendency would be to encourage more energetic labor rather than slackness. It is also stated that the large number of men sucked into mining during the war — some of whom may have deliberately entered to escape military service — did not possess the same natural efficiency as the coal-miners who formerly worked the mines and whose graves are scattered over our military cemeteries, and therefore tend to set a lower standard of working. The leaders of the men reply with charges of inefficiency against the management, and dwell on the possibilities of enormously increasing the output if such measures were adopted as amalgamations, rearrangements of railways, united drainage systems, and other general methods of bringing the pits up to date. And the Commission recognizes that there is much to be done in

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this direction, although it holds out no such hopes as are entertained by the sanguine, that either the State, or any Commission acting under the State's direction, could so change the conditions at present obtaining in most coal fields as to make coal-getting substantially easier, and therefore coal prices cheaper.

So much for diagnosis. 'Give us life or death,' as Thoreau cried, 'we crave only reality.' With some intimate knowledge of the conditions of the coal problem from the time when I was responsible for the Coal Mines Department of the Home Office to the time when I was holding a similar investigation in 'Coal and Power,' I heartily commend the candid findings of the Commission to the study of the nation. Where the Commission fails, I think, is in its recommendations for reform. The parrot-cry has gone up that these recommendations must be taken as a whole, and that taken as a whole they provide an opportunity of escape from disaster. But even if they are taken as a whole, they offer no escape from disaster. For they leave an unbridgeable gap, which will be confronted next May when the subsidy will stop like the stopping of a clock. All the recommendations they suggest, such as those for the reduction of the miners' wages, even if accepted *en bloc*, do not fill that gap, and they do not give the slightest indication otherwise of how that gap can be filled.

First let me summarize both the pessimistic and the optimistic conclusions: —

1. They reiterate the fact, which all specialists in the study of this problem knew, that, although many coal mines and coal fields must be regarded as permanently unprofitable on account of the rich seams being worked out, geological discovery has revealed within the last thirty years a wealth of coal where no man even conceived that coal deposits of any sort existed. I am not referring to the Kent coal fields, whose richness has not been entirely proved. But in South Yorkshire, Nottingham, and Lincolnshire, at very considerable depth, partly in mines now paying despite the slump, and partly in borings, investigators have discovered rich coal concentrated in such thick seams as to exceed all the wealth of the Johannesburg conglomerate. And they have as yet found no limit to this natural gift to British resources, which may extend eastward even under the North Sea. Private companies are racing to develop these regions. Sherwood Forest, for example, the home of Robin Hood, is being penetrated by shafts and dotted with model villages. Great mines employing three thousand or more workers are raising coal at so cheap a price that they not only 'dump' this coal to the destruction of the older mines in Lancashire and elsewhere, but they also make a profit entirely independent of the subsidy, and could live without the subsidy to-morrow. It is evident that, if you could exploit this field immediately, creating a coal mine and a colliery village as rapidly as cotton factories were built during the cotton boom in Lancashire, and then by the hand of a dictator ensure a vast migration, irrespective of local ties and loyalties, into these districts from such tormented regions as those of South Wales, your coal problem could be solved.

2. On the other hand, the Commission rightly sweeps away much of the jargon and ignorant nonsense, which is talked by journalists and others who have no knowledge of science, as to the possibility of immediate relief and immediate wealth to be obtained by change in the treatment of coal as power. Men talk glibly of low carbonization, of electricity, of utilization of

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by-products and waste coal, as if some alchemist had discovered a process by which sand could be turned into gold. The Commission disproves all this clotted nonsense. It is true that, under circumstances of desperate need, historic examples can be adduced of how science has been compelled to make the necessary discoveries. The scientists of France, during the Napoleonic Wars, had to make the raw materials of gunpowder by new processes, just because France was deprived of the nitrates by the British blockade. In the Great War, the fixing of the nitrogen of the air to the carbohydrates in order to produce the fertilizers without which Germany would have starved was accomplished by laboratory investigation, after defying all the scientists of the world for more than a century. 'That buffalo had to climb that tree.' But although scientists have been working for years and decades on improved methods for obtaining greater power from coal, and although the discovery at any time would make those who took part in it multimillionaires, no such practical process exists to-day as would solve the problem. There is no paying practical proof of the success of low carbonization, or of nonpayable coal being made payable by conversion into electric power, or of the extraction of oil from coal of such a quality and at such a price as will enable that oil to compete with the product of the natural mineral oil fields of the world. Science is on the verge, indeed, of great discoveries, and at any moment some change may be demonstrated such as the methods of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson, who created the Industrial Revolution and changed the face of Britain. But the Commission has done well in warning the Government and the people that they cannot fall back in inertia, trusting to the strong arm of science to save them. It has done well in urging the giving of far greater grants for scientific research. It has not perhaps, however, sufficiently warned the workers that the immediate effect of any such discoveries would be an enormous reduction in the number of men required as miners; just as the labor-saving machinery of a hundred years ago, although ultimately enormously increasing the wealth of England, drove tens of thousands who had hitherto been earning a decent living into pauperism, and hundreds of thousands, in bitterness and despair, to emigration beyond the sea.

3. The Commission recommends a series of changes which will take at least ten or fifteen years to accomplish, each perhaps good in itself. The transfer of royalties from private owners to the State is probably desirable, but it will make no difference at all in the selling price of coal. So also may amalgamations, united schemes of drainage and improved apparatus, and recommendations that coal be sold by the municipalities, be interesting. But it is obvious that if municipal coal bureaus can compete in supplying small quantities at lower prices than the coal merchants can sell at, this will merely be a benefit to the poor, who will get coal cheaper. It will not touch the problem of the miners, who want, if anything, coal dearer. The repudiation of so-called nationalization as a means of reviving the demand for coal in England or abroad ought to convince all sane men of the futility of such a suggestion. Pit committees are good, and better relations between men and masters are good, and the spirit of Mr. Baldwin exhorting little children to love one another is good, although perhaps exasperating to those who are confronted with adamantine facts and are impatient of trying to conceal them in a froth of sentiment. In five,

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or ten, or fifteen years it is possible that, through these and other remedies, the coal fields may be made self-supporting, and the life of the miner more civilized and contented and humane, just as in fifteen, fifty, or a hundred years the League of Nations may have become a reality.

But what we want to know is not what will happen in the days of our children, but what is to happen on the first of May, 1926, and here the Commission has made no sane or consistent recommendation. For, set out in plain terms, here are the brutal facts if its recommendations are adopted.

The subsidy is to be suddenly snapped off. Over seventy per cent of the coal raised can only be raised, even without profit to the shareholders, by aid of a subsidy, and therefore, with its disappearance, the majority of mines must inevitably close. These losses might be diminished or even eliminated if the cost of production were reduced by the miners working an eight-hour instead of a seven-hour day, or by such a temporary but enormous reduction in wages as would be equivalent to the amount now given by the taxpayer to the coal industry. But the Commission rejects, and with unanswerable argument, the return to the eight-hour day, which would merely mean lowering the standard of life among all our coal-trade competitors, without giving us any advantages, and would provide cheaper coal to make, say, German steel better able to compete with our steel in the markets of the world. It advocates a reduction in the wages of the more highly paid miners, while maintaining the minimum of a 'living wage' as established by the Minimum Wage Act of 1911. But even if this reduction in wages were sadly or gladly accepted, as it is not in the least likely to be, by the Miners Federation, the total money saved by the cuts proposed would not be equal to any subsidy equivalent to that at present given on the theory that it is just sufficient to keep the mines alive, with no profit to their owners. And for the filling of this gap no positive suggestion emerges at all.

Outward events, more especially the return to the gold standard, welcome to the bankers but ruination to the industrialist, have knocked the bottom out of the coal market. It seems to be quite evident that the subsidy will have to be continued for a time, in the form of either a grant or a loan. All thought of cutting down the wages in real value even below those of 1913 will have to be abandoned. With the miners reading the reports of the enormous luxury expenditure, the vast accumulated fortunes bequeathed at death, the gigantic dividends paid by British companies outside the dismal regions in which they dwell, such an attempt will come near to exciting a revolution. Finally, accompanying this grant and this refusal to cut down wages, and indeed as a condition of them, bills should be immediately introduced to implement and accelerate the recommendations of permanent changes which may, in the course of time and through man's triumphant refusal to accept defeat, 'give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death,' and 'guide our feet into the way of peace.'

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AFTER LIBYA, WHAT?[1]

BY EDMOND ROSSIER

Is justice more than an empty word? A few weeks ago an American diplomat blamed France for keeping Europe in a turmoil with her ambitions and her militarism, although the worst accusation that can be brought against the excited politicians who make laws at the Palais Bourbon is that they neglect the legitimate interests of their country. On the other hand, ever since Fascism has dazzled Italy, Mussolini has been delivering grandiloquent speeches proclaiming that his nation's will shall be imposed upon the rest of the world, that two million men stand ready to follow him to battle, that 'the Napoleonic year' has dawned. Yet no one seems to regard this talk as more than picturesque oratory. At last, however, *il Duce's* trip to Africa has caught public attention; and the press has been startled into certain expressions of concern.

Mussolini has crossed the historical sea he persists in calling an Italian lake. Did he do so for a change of air — to see new sights? That is hardly likely. The northern coast of Tripoli languished for centuries under the rule of the Sultan, who permitted conditions to survive there, under the very nose of Europe, that were ages behind the times. Only a few years ago a public slave-market was still held in the suburbs of Tripoli. Italy's conquest terminated such abuses, and to that extent was a benefit to humanity. But her preoccupation with the World War prevented her from completing the work, and her colonization has scarcely passed as yet the phase of military occupation. The province itself has little to offer. Some of the oases, to be sure, are fertile, but there are too few of them. In most places the desert comes down to the ocean and the coastal hills are but burning sand-dunes.

Il Duce, however, concerned himself little with the character of the country or the customs of the people. His tour was purely political. He was making an occasion to advertise Italy's power, her desire of expansion, her imperative need of colonies. The tribune of Monte Citorio and the balcony of the Chigi Palace did not afford him a big enough sounding board. He therefore sallied forth to find it in a former Roman province now reoccupied by Italy, which might become the stepping-stone to imperial acquisitions.

This tour assumed the character of a triumph before it commenced. Thanks to a madwoman's harmless attack upon his life, the Dictator suddenly became the object of general solicitude. His good town of Rome cheered him frantically. Messages of sympathy and admiration poured in from all parts of Italy. These demonstrations immediately assumed an antiforeign character — for Fascism, after muzzling the press at home, is impatient of criticism abroad, and accuses the foreign press of fomenting domestic discontent and disorder by its slanders. The Duce seems to share this opinion wholeheartedly. Speaking at Rome imme-

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberalist weekly), *April 24*

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diately after the attack upon him, he answered the tumult of the crowd denouncing those suspected of being concerned in it by shouting: 'We shall settle accounts with the foreigner. If that is the word you want, I have pronounced it.' And this defiance was greeted with thunders of applause.

Mussolini's arrival at Tripoli was a spectacular event. He disembarked amid salvos of artillery. He was received with the massed music of military bands, while the troops presented arms and a huge crowd cheered wildly. Speeches, military reviews, Fascist parades, banquets, visits to historical ruins and to oasis settlements, followed in quick succession. The principal native chiefs appeared in turn, bringing their presents and expressing, in suspiciously fluent Italian, their devotion to Italy and their admiration for her representative. *Il Duce's* manner was most correct. He emphasized his loyalty to the monarch. He posed as the faithful servant of King Victor Emmanuel, 'the august, majestic, and powerful sovereign' who had sent him as his representative to Africa. But if he had time to take thought amid the constant ceremonies and shouting mobs, he must have reflected that he was the real master; and if he did not say so, others said it for him.

The correspondents of the Italian journals were not deceived. They extolled Mussolini with a lyric exaltation that printer's ink is rarely called upon to reproduce. The representative of *Messagero* described him as slowly crossing the public square, 'his white plume shading his perfect consular profile, which so strikingly resembles the proud busts of Roman governors disinterred in this ancient soil'; and the correspondent of *Piccolo* portrayed him as he appeared to the attentive eyes of the natives in his simple uniform, with the blue scarf of a commander, in these words: 'When Mussolini reached the Palace Square, a shout of thunder rose from the spectators on the tribunes and from the great throng of Arabs and Berbers who filled all the approaches to the place. Mussolini on his champing bay steed looked perfectly the part of a Roman consul at the head of his legions. An enthusiastic American journalist shouted, "*Salve, Imperator!*" an Arab exclaimed, "*Emir el Mansur!*" (Lord of Victory), and the Italians chorused, "The man of destiny!"' Mario Carli wrote in *Impero:* 'The representative of the King of Italy seemed to rise out of the sea on his charger like some Heaven-sent celestial warrior. It is thus that the Berbers, the Negroes, and the Bedouins saw him enter the city on his fiery war horse with the majesty of a mighty conqueror. This was truly the natal day of Italy's colonial empire. In the eyes of the Duce one caught an inspired vision of the future, so intense that when his gaze rested on us we felt fairly dizzy at the radiance of the lofty heights we were summoned to scale.'

These descriptions are characteristic. Evidently their brilliant writers would not have adopted this style unless they were certain that it responded to the sentiment of their readers. Furthermore, upon his return to Rome, Mussolini was received with the same enthusiasm. A cheering crowd surrounded him. Was it merely a first minister of the King returning from an official tour? Was it not rather Scipio come back in triumph after his victory of Zama?

But let us listen to *il Duce* himself. On the Cavour, the warship that carried him to Libya, he used these proud words when addressing the Fascist provincial secretaries who had been mustered on deck in his honor: 'I declare to you that when these cannon thunder, it is really the voice of the

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fatherland that speaks. It is then that we should humbly bare our heads.' When he reached Tripoli he thus proclaimed his intentions and his ambitions: 'My trip must not be considered as an ordinary act of administration. I mean it to seem what it actually is — an affirmation of the power of the Italian people, a manifestation of the strength of a nation that derives its blood from Rome and that shall carry Rome's triumphant and immortal fasces to every shore of the Afric sea. It is the hand of destiny that guides us back to our ancient possessions. No man can defy destiny, and, above all, no man can resist our unshakable will. Italy has been great in the Mediterranean. She shall be so again.'

Later, in addressing the Fascisti of Tripoli, he said: 'It is not without significance that my first official tour has been across waters that once belonged to Rome and that now return to the sovereignty of Rome, and that I feel around me the vibrant vigor of the Italian people, a united nation of soldiers, colonists, and pioneers. Comrades! Turn your thought toward the Italy that is rising, the powerful Italy that, glorified by her great past, does not permit her ancient grandeur to shackle her, but rather lets it spur her onward toward the inevitable triumphs of the morrow. We need land; for we are too numerous for our present territories.'

All these speeches look toward the future and not toward the past. They come from a man who is proud of what he has achieved but has no intention of stopping halfway to his goal, who believes that a great future lies before his country and is resolved to grasp it. This explains *Teveri's* comment upon the burden of the Dictator's African speeches: 'Mussolini demands justice from our neighbors, as well as breathing space. Europe is shaken with mortal agony — on the one hand pauper nations, on the other nations smothered in their wealth. Peace exists only on paper; it does not reign in the land of God. Our pacifist gatherings have become ridiculous. In the midst of all this distress and decadence a single nation has conceived a clear programme — has been anointed with the unguent of a new youth. That land is Italy. Therefore the time has come for her to declare her purpose openly — not boastfully, but resolutely.'

Italy undoubtedly needs room. Her misfortune is that her present colonies offer no attraction for emigrants. The Sporades already have as many people as they can support. Tripoli, even with the addition of Cyrenaica, where the ancients placed the garden of the Hesperides, will not accommodate many Europeans. It is a land gradually drying up, where the aridity is constantly increasing, which will never again be what it was in ancient times. Somaliland is also a parched and desert country which, even were Italy to acquire Jibuti, which her people are so eager to get from France, will never become habitable. Military occupations at the expense of little native kinglets, such as we hear of in the press, represent no appreciable gain in a country where the white race can live but can never labor.

No one is to blame for the fact that more favored countries divided up among themselves most of the fertile territory of the globe at a time when the Italian nation was slowly recovering her lost unity. She arrived too late to secure more than the leavings. Her delegates at Versailles, who might have secured part of the African spoils taken from Germany, were so absorbed by their dispute over Fiume that they disregarded more substantial gains. Today Africa, the last continent to be disposed of, has been parceled out to

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others. Over the Mediterranean coast from Tunis to the Atlantic, where the Roman eagles once held sway, the tricolor of France now floats. England has settled herself in Egypt, and if she ever relinquishes that country it will not be to another European Power. Does Mussolini therefore propose to elbow his way into Africa by thrusting aside his neighbors, as his speeches suggest?

Most newspapers deny this. They argue that the Duce is too prudent to venture on such a hazardous undertaking. He knows that patriotic enthusiasm, no matter how ardent, cannot of itself win wars. Except for the Corfu incident, which was not a particularly risky adventure and was an impulsive act of legitimate indignation, his foreign policy has been consistently pacific. His bellicose harangues are intended to keep up the morale of his people, to induce his fellow citizens to consent to the sacrifices necessary for reorganization at home.

But is this so certain? Are not the Italians too intelligent to be treated like children? They are grateful to Mussolini for saving them from anarchy and restoring law and order, for getting the people back to work, for reestablishing their prestige abroad. They can follow that course of their own volition, without delusive flattery. The Duce himself, understanding his fellow countrymen as he does, knows that it would be extremely dangerous to harp constantly on the chord of conquest unless he were fully determined to make good his words. Some months ago a friend residing in Rome said to me: 'Italy has undergone a profound transformation. Her thoughts no longer dwell upon the great civilizations that have flourished on her soil; she no longer prides herself upon the marvels of ancient art and Renaissance beauty that she possesses; she no longer dotes upon her galleries and her churches and her baptistries; she thinks only of force; and the man who has filled her with this new faith, who has lifted her so high, who owes his power entirely to the fact that he incarnates her will and aspirations, would never dare thus to preach the apotheosis of force if he did not intend to be true to that faith. Otherwise he would be destroyed by the very tempest he has unchained.'

Out of all these varying opinions one truth seems to me to emerge. The time has come when Fascism has ceased to be a purely Italian phenomenon. The nation feels stifled within its doctrinal as well as its territorial confines. It compares itself with what it sees beyond its borders and finds itself better. It conceives its mission to be to reform the world. Any attack, any obstacle thrown in its way, seems to it a sacrilege.

Mussolini has declared, 'We shall overthrow every barrier, no matter what.' That, of course, is still vague and indefinite. The movement is still in the stage of sonorous discourses and vast ambitions. But one definite goal is defining itself, toward which 'awakened' Italy will struggle like a single man — that is, a larger territorial opportunity in the world. Its justification will be sought not only in what the Fascisti have already accomplished, but likewise in the law-giving traditions of ancient Rome.

Does that mean that we shall soon have another war? I do not think so. Nations in a state of self-exaltation fortunately have other outlets besides war; and the world is big, even though it may have been already divided up. Nevertheless, a marked opposition has arisen between the spirit of Fascism and what we call the spirit of Locarno, which is also the spirit of Geneva. We should keep a sharp eye upon what is occurring in the Peninsula.

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APPRENTICESHIP IN INTERNATIONALISM [1]

BY PIERRE BOUSCHARAIN

An international spirit has never been more ardently advocated than it is to-day, but in some countries nationalism is more accentuated than ever. I need only cite Fascism in Italy, and the movement that created the republic of Angora. Furthermore, there has been an increase of nationalism within countries inhabited by different peoples or races, as anyone who has heard the League of Nations' debates upon national minorities, or who is familiar with the Flemish agitation in Belgium, is aware.

It is suggestive in this connection that nationalism in one country is generally stimulated by a lack of internationalism in other countries. That is true of Italy for two reasons: first because she has been treated as a poor relation by rival Powers, and second because she feels that her economic dependence on other countries — for such essentials as coal — has not received sufficient consideration from her neighbors. So want of political and economic internationalism in one country or group of countries often produces acute nationalism in another country.

We need a science of internationalism. We all recognize to-day that internationalism is indispensable to the future progress of humanity, but our minds are not yet ready to accept it. We are therefore in a state of dangerous confusion. It is illogical that the intense nationalism we see to-day in Europe should exist side by side with the ardent cult of internationalism that is equally characteristic of our age. It is not normal that the United States, after drafting the Covenant of the League of Nations, should show such an aversion to participating in the affairs of Europe.

Yet the antagonism between these two sentiments is more apparent than real. Nationalism and internationalism, instead of being mutually antagonistic, complement each other; each is necessary to the other.

Unquestionably the old primitive and superficial idea of internationalism, which contemplated sweeping away all differences between nations and races and subjecting them to the same dead level of laws and institutions, bade wanton defiance to all the geological, climatic, ethnical, historical, and cultural differences that give the world its infinite variety. But the modern conception of internationalism is based on the idea of harmony in the midst of difference, just as the pieces of a mosaic contribute to the beauty of the whole. But the patterns must not be broken and discordant. Scientific internationalism assumes an equilibrium to be established, both in the individual and in society, between the instincts of race and national expansion on the one hand, and the sentiment of humanity on the other; between the national ego which demands its place in the sun, and the consciousness of universal brotherhood. This is an equilibrium difficult to attain except for certain men of exalted vision and apostolic gifts. We are not

[1] From *La Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *March–April*

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born internationalists. To become one calls for a discipline of both the will and the mind.

Nevertheless, the task is not beyond our powers. All human progress is but one continuous illustration of the conquest of reason over impulses and passions. It is to the reason that we must appeal in the present instance. We must know ourselves before we can know others. If we analyze our own nationalism, if we study the causes and the influences that have shaped our national character, we shall more easily understand the influences and the forces that have fashioned other nations upon a different model. Nationalism in its loftier and better sense, the only sense in which it can permanently survive, does not bid us to worship and perpetuate blindly the faults of our race, but rather to strive constantly to abolish them. Blind nationalism may be hostile to internationalism, but enlightened nationalism is its intelligent coworker. Make a man an enlightened son of his country, and you make him a citizen of the universe.

Our first task, therefore, is to cultivate among the common people a clear and a broad conception of humanity — that is to say, to endow the individual citizen with a mind so furnished that he can appreciate the beauty and the necessity of universal harmony. The social passions that produce wars are simply the vices of the individual multiplied to infinity. The disorders that overthrow States are analogous to the disorders that dethrone the reason of the individual. Diplomatic lies are precisely the same in their nature as individual lies; they are collective falsehoods. We act irrationally as individuals when we are 'blinded by passion.' An identical irrationality reaches a catastrophic climax when nations are blinded by passion. How, then, may we discipline the collective mind and teach it self-control, so that such crises may become impossible? In other words, how can we make the international mind sovereign in world affairs?

In order to create this international mind in the individual, and thereby in the nation, we have certain negative and positive tasks to perform. In a large sense, the negative task consists in rooting out the weeds of evil. Every human vice tends to corrupt the whole social organism. Consider what a contribution it would be to the bettering of relations between countries if the level of veracity of individual men and women could be raised. A lie transformed from the plane of the individual to the plane of society becomes counterfeit money, false weights, adulterated merchandise, fraudulent finance, currency inflation. These are lies that harm the State. Transformed to the international plane, they assume the guise of insincere treaties, Ems dispatches, scraps of paper. Such lies undermine confidence between Governments until their people come to distrust even the most honest agreements. Political lies and economic lies are the worst obstacles standing in the way of international collaboration. The first step toward internationalism, therefore, is to create the habit of inflexible truth-speaking between Governments and their representatives.

Next, perhaps, comes the principle of common honesty in respect to property. Society instinctively tries to root out the spirit of covetousness and rapine in the individual. That spirit, however, prevails to a disturbing extent in the relations between the Governments. It keeps the whole world constantly on its guard. In the same way that we have robbery committed by one person against another, so history records innumerable robberies committed by one nation against another — to say nothing of financial sharp practices,

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both national and international, that are nothing more than robberies in disguise.

Another individual vice, which still multiplies its baleful influence beyond computation when it infects whole communities, is the combative spirit instinctive in all races. Every normal boy has a marked liking for soldiers and cannon and games about war. The disarmament of the nursery is not likely to destroy this hereditary instinct. It is deep-rooted in human nature, and is associated with many noble qualities, such as courage, resolution, self-sacrifice, endurance of pain. We should seek to divert a quality like this to new channels, instead of destroying it — for example, to the conquest of nature and to the struggle against social evils.

This negative task includes eradicating the characteristic faults of a race or a nation, as well as vices common to all mankind. The school-teacher should studiously discourage, instead of cultivating as he too often does at present, uncritical national vanity — above all when it is based, as it usually is, upon the disparagement of other nations. We should cultivate the art of intelligent national self-criticism. The Englishman, for example, is well aware of the fact that other nations reproach him with being overengrossed in material pursuits. Such popular proverbs as 'Time is money' and 'Business is business,' and a certain egoism that distinguishes the Britisher in his relations with other men, are indicative of this. If the English people set themselves seriously to analyze the reasons for this reputation, they will soon discover that their insular situation has given them a peculiar moral and political, as well as geographical, point of view — that it has inclined them to be self-centred and self-contained. Appreciating this, they will be able to deal more intelligently with the conflicts that are constantly arising between an insular policy and an international policy. Moreover, a due appreciation of the way their own methods of doing things impress others may make them more tolerant of other nations when these use identical methods.

When M. Caillaux visited London not long ago to adjust France's debt to England, several British newspapers, who did not like the settlement reached, instead of criticizing our Minister of Finance, praised his skill and expressed regret that the British Treasury did not have an equally competent negotiator. Such judgments, conceived in a broad spirit, are favorable to internationalism, for we cannot well condemn qualities in citizens of another country that we recognize as characterizing our fellow citizens at home.

Similarly, a Frenchmen who has studied the history of his country, glorious as that history is, can scarcely escape recognizing the changeable sentiments of his race, which has so often preferred a brutal recourse to revolution to sane and sensible political evolution. When the Frenchman recalls with bitterness Germany's repeated invasions of his country, he should also remember that the Germans likewise cherish bitter memories of the earlier French invasions of their own native land.

How utterly we Frenchmen have neglected national self-analysis, to correct our racial faults, is indicated by the persistence of our defects as well as our virtues. We are intelligent, alert, brave, enthusiastic, generous; but we are also fickle and inconsistent. Other nations, however, are equally neglectful of intelligent self-comprehension. When we come to think of it, is n't it extraordinary that century after century should pass without any great people as a whole taking thought to improve its national character?

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Coming now to the positive task of cultivating an international mind, we must start with the child at his most impressionable age. We should begin to employ illustrations and moving pictures, even in the kindergarten, to familiarize him with the scenery, the manners, and the customs of other countries. We should teach him their songs and popular history. We should place before him the products of their handicrafts. And as soon as he is old enough to understand such things, we should point out the common elements that all these cultural products possess, no matter from what country, race, or civilization they may come. What a lesson in human brotherhood we can teach by as simple an example as the close resemblance between the axes of the ancient Gauls and those of the present natives of New Guinea.

As the child grows older his instruction should be broadened and given a larger logical content. I believe that a course of study of different civilizations should be obligatory in the curriculum of every secondary school, and that it should be supplemented by a systematic study of international relations. Already the higher schools of Czechoslovakia require their pupils to devote one year to the study of international intercourse, including the economic, political, and intellectual relations among countries.

Naturally the pupil must be taught simultaneously the qualities and the character of his people. These two aspects of his study should advance side by side and be correlated with each other. As soon as he is mature enough to form personal opinions, it would be well to introduce him to the field of practical race psychology, to trace back with him the evolution of the national mind to its remoter origins, with a study of the geographical, geological, and ethnical factors that have influenced it. The goal should be to substitute an intellectual and discriminating nationalism for a purely impulsive and emotional nationalism.

In fact, every people is accountable to the human race for its national qualities, for each of them is called upon to make its own distinctive contribution to the common stock of art and science in return for what it receives from that general fund. The world cannot, without suffering a loss, dispense with French clarity, German speculation, or Slavic mysticism. We are each entrusted, not only with our individual talent, like the servants in the Biblical parable, but also with a national talent.

No opportunity should be neglected to become personally acquainted with one's own country and with other countries. The more intercourse there is between nations, the more traveling, the more individual and collective contact among their young people, the more association in common causes, the rapider will be the growth of an international mind.

Two agencies of mutual understanding, available everywhere and of supreme importance, are instruction in history and in the living languages. History should be envisaged as the study of the national ego as it has evolved in association with other peoples and governments. Language should be studied as a reflection and a symbol of this national ego. Many teachers and students are already trying to reform the teaching of history with this in view. A general movement exists in favor of paying less attention to wars, of ceasing to glorify conquests, of refraining from dwelling upon incidents that tend to excite hatred against another country, and of emphasizing the contributions that each nation has made throughout its history to the collective achievements of humanity.

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The greatness of a people is judged from this new standpoint, not by its territorial extent or military power, but by what it has done for human progress.

Side by side with the teaching of history we should teach the living languages, not only for their 'utilitarian' value, but also because they reflect national character. Indeed, we can paraphrase Buffon's statement, *Le style c'est l'homme*, by saying *Le style c'est la race.* Even the most elementary instruction in the language and grammar of a foreign country may thus serve as an introduction to the psychology of its people, pending the acquirement of a still better instrument for such research in a knowledge of its national literature. For example, the very first words of English that a French child learns may well be used to illustrate a fundamental intellectual difference between Englishmen and Frenchmen. It is the Englishman's impulse to express everything in a concrete form. He does not say, as we French do, '*Bon jour*' all day long, but 'Good morning,' and 'Good afternoon.' He has not a single word to express the general idea of *promenade;* he must specify the particular way in which this is done, — a walk, a drive, a ride, — and he even specifies horseback riding or bicycle riding. An Englishman visualizes an action instead of thinking of it abstractly. He reasons by images, while the Frenchman reasons by concepts. For an Englishman the essential thing is not so much the general action itself as the particular way in which it is performed. The same psychological quality makes him always place the adjective before the noun, because he thinks of the particular before the general. One nation has an analytical mind, which proceeds from the particular to the general; the other nation has a synthetic mind, which proceeds from the general and the abstract to the particular.

A French pupil, if his attention is constantly directed to these nuances of the English language, will not only familiarize himself thus with the general qualities of the British mind, but he will acquire a certain taste for the concrete and the precise that will offset his innate tendencies to the other extreme. On the other hand, an Englishman who learns the mechanism of the French tongue, and its genius for synthesis, will acquire at the same time ability to reason in the Latin way, to grasp the constant and absolute element beneath the ever-varying superficial aspects of phenomena.

Why may we not hope that this system of education will in time attenuate the fundamental differences between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin mind — differences which M. Painlevé used at a recent meeting of the League Assembly to explain the divergencies in the public policies of France and Great Britain? M. Poincaré, who is a typical Latin logician, would have understood the English better and would have made himself better understood by them, and Mr. Chamberlain would not have been so agitated over the idea that the policies of the two nations, so different from each other, were to be governed by the Geneva Protocol, — a universal rule, — if Englishmen and Frenchmen had been for generations educated each in the other's modes of thought.

I consider, therefore, that by education, particularly in history and in languages, we can make much progress toward creating the fundamentals of an international mind, at least among the thinking element of every people. I need not proceed further and dwell on the immeasurably greater rôle that a thorough knowledge of national literatures will play here.

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But the breath of life must be breathed into these inert facts of knowledge by the imagination. Michelet summarized in a short sentence the virtue and the magic of the imagination when he defined history as 'an integral resurrection of the past.' Similarly, a sense of international solidarity calls for an integral evocation, a concrete envisioning, of humanity in its entirety, as living and struggling shoulder to shoulder with ourselves. Abstract reasoning and manuals of morality cannot give us this vision. It is necessary that the child be trained from an early age to scan broad horizons, that the idea of international solidarity should assume in his mind the form of living, concrete, familiar images, in order that his concepts of other peoples and races may be something more than dead notions added to the mental furniture of a scholar's brain — in order that they may become a living part of his everyday consciousness, and make internationalism one of the great and abiding realities of existence in his everyday thought. He must be trained to think of people of other blood and tongues, with their activities and occupations, their hopes and disappointments, not as strangers, but as neighbors and kinsmen in the larger human brotherhood. The needs and aspirations of other peoples ought not to present themselves to him as problems, as abstract puzzles calling for a purely intellectual solution, but as concrete and actual emotions and experiences akin to his own sensations and desires.

Many people cannot understand why the French attach such importance to Reparations, because they have not actually seen the ravages from which our country suffered, and are unable to visualize them. We cannot comprehend the tragic meaning that an Englishman attaches to the word unemployment, because it does not raise before our eyes the misery of the multitudes in the slums and poorer quarters to which the workless laborer returns at night cast down and disheartened after his vain search for a job.

Sympathy is, in fact, the child of observation and imagination. The better we know other nations the better we shall like them, and the more effectively we shall be able to serve them. How are we to explain a certain type of aggressive pacifism, which is hardly a promoter of peace? Is it not because its exponents have never tried to put themselves in other people's places? They have always dwelt in the shadow of their individual and their national egoism, which unconsciously dominates all their moods and theories. They have never risen to the plane of mutual sympathy. . . .

A man with an enlightened knowledge of his own character, and of his country and humanity, will therefore not think of internationalism as a doctrine exterior to himself, or antagonistic to the ideal of the individual or of the fatherland. Quite the contrary, he will conceive it as the very law that governs the integral development of his being, projected over the whole universe. If this means dualism, it is no other dualism than the eternal conflict between the body and the spirit. The realization of internationalism is the limit which humanity constantly approaches in its secular pilgrimage toward spiritual unity. The platonic idea of an harmonious equilibrium of the human faculties under the authority of the spirit naturally expands into something greater — into a perfect equilibrium between national and international faculties and needs, into a universal harmony among nations engaged, to use the fine expression of H. G. Wells, 'in a common adventure.'

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A GENERAL OF THE RIFFI[1]

BY H——

It was some minutes before I realized exactly who and what he was, this tall dark man whose years had left him lean and active. He had come to me under a plain English name, with a stirring subject to be written about — Morocco and its war, and its relation to Moslem unrest all over the world, waiting like a pent volcano for the moment of release.

And that is to be soon, for does not the prophecy declare that in the years between 1926 and 1929 the Crescent shall override the Cross?

Yet he did not look quite English. The long, sallow face with marked features suggested an admixture from somewhere further east. Not Semite, either Jew or Arab; not exactly Magyar, or Czech, or Romany either. Yet a touch there was of the strange, fanciful, such as fancy might associate with the magic of the Pied Piper.

Later I asked. Yes, he was English on his father's side. His English forbears for generations had been soldiers; but on his mother's side he was of Cossack blood. Her name and rank need not be told, but her father had led Russian troops to within sight of Constantinople, and her uncle was the famous Skobelev, daring leader of cavalry, hero of the Shipka Pass, and winner of the few Russian successes in the long-drawn siege of Plevna when Osman Pasha held out stubbornly against the assaults of the besiegers. That Balkan war was an epic of my schooldays, revived years afterward when I met an English officer who, as a lad, had served under Osman and endured the siege.

That blend of the Cossack, that heritage of Skobelev blood, accounted for everything strange. I was not astonished to hear that my man was born with the wanderlust, that he had a Varangian fever for war; yet not springing from a love of bloodshed or innate cruelty — rather the strange electric thrill that possesses some men who are born to 'drink delight in battle.' It is a physical sense, he said, a tensity of spirit that breaks out in a bodily quivering; you feel, as it were, all the eyes of all your men piercing into you, their urgent spirit concentrated in yourself, as they look upon you to lead their charge which, for the moment, makes a man into something more than his single self — the concentration of hundreds of fighting wills. And he told a story of one of our great generals whose possession of this same instinctive power led him early to high rank. 'It was during the Russo-Japanese War,' he said, 'and this officer was Military Attaché with the Japanese army. We were together watching a grand assault of the Russians on a Japanese position. The Russian Guard, in their long gray overcoats, splendid men, perfectly disciplined, made a magnificent spectacle. We knew, what they did not, that they were advancing into a trap. Three masked batteries were about to open upon their flank. The wild ecstasy seized upon us both as we watched. I

[1] From *Cornhill Magazine* (London literary monthly), *May*

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managed to contain myself; he was carried away, and sprang to his feet, crying, "*Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant!*" Then the guns opened.'

Join this half-berserk sense to the wanderlust and you get a man who has spent his life seeking adventure all over the world. Wherever there was a 'scrap' there he would find himself. No Dugald Dalgetty bartering hard knocks for pay and changing service for the highest bidder, but an adventurer for the sake of adventure and the thrill of it, fighting as often as not for the under dog where adventure was most romantic. East and west he had gone: had fought in Mexico at the time of Carranza, had entered Lassa in disguise. He had penetrated into Afghanistan, secure in his half-Oriental face and his wide knowledge of Eastern languages. He knew the talk of the bazaars, had felt in everyday folk the tide of Moslem unrest. And he drew a vivid picture, heightening effects perhaps, and unconsciously enlarging things already known, out of active sympathy toward the side he had espoused.

The prophecy he quoted about the speedy overthrow of the Cross by the Crescent is not only believed in by the ignorant and fanatical — and Islam is the religion of fanaticism. India is astir with it; even Moslems who have studied in our Western universities, from Berlin to Harvard, from Paris to Oxford, profess at least to believe it, but whether from religious or political motives is another question.

Afghanistan, the most conservative country in the world now that Tibet has opened its gates to travelers, the most self-centred, anti-alien, and fanatical, is possessed with this idea, and automatic as its government is, is accepting from Soviet Russia — professed enemy alike of Capital and Cross — the means for imposing Afghan force once more, as in past centuries, upon Northern India. Telegraphic communication with Moscow has been established amid great rejoicings; squadrons of Soviet airplanes are camped on Afghan territory. And now Morocco hints that the strongest tribe of the Tuaregs, finest and most relentless fighters of the Sahara, is making overtures to the Riffi to aid as good Moslems in a holy jehad for the extirpation of the unbeliever and of European suzerainty in North Africa. *Proximus ardet*, the fires which may produce a world-wide conflagration are very near the doors of Europe.

Less ardent observers, it is true, read the omens differently, but the view seemed characteristic of the man.

To-day, when the greater call of the World War is over, and service in our own army no longer needed, our adventurer has drifted to Morocco, where he has been one among the twoscore European officers of varied nationality who manage the artillery, lead troops, organize campaigns in support of hardy mountaineers who may be killed but will not surrender their independence to a conqueror — type of so many mountain races. And he has won the name of Ishmael El Ambria el Saharan — the Lion of the Sahara. Be it remembered that the Riffi are not a black race. They are not so tinged with Negroid or even Arab admixture as the Moor of the Lowlands.

They are Berbers, a white people, dark-skinned, dark-haired, a branch of the Mediterranean race which has provided much of the South European population, and has spread in prehistoric days as far as our own islands. They have been known for two thousand years as stiff in resisting coercion, whether of Roman governor or Arab caliph. In Africa they recovered their independence from their Arab rulers; in Spain they wrested rule from their

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weaker brethren of the Moslem conquest, and carried the Moorish conquest north and north until at last they reeled back under the great hammer-blow at Tours.

Now, long since expelled from Europe, they are encircled by the Western Powers who have marked out North Africa with separate spheres of influence. Western order cannot endure irregular and predatory neighbors. As England and the Lowlands had to pacify the raiding Highlanders, as India had to tame the lawless nations on its frontiers, so France and Spain seek to ensure order in the Highlands of the Atlas whence disorder may at any time flood into their civilized districts. That is sufficient motive, quite apart from the lure of the wealth that lies in the mineral resources of the mountains.

But order of that disciplined sort is hardly to the Berber mind. No, is their answer, and above all for free men: Upon compulsion, No. And a warlike spirit is fanned by religious fanaticism. South Africa has taught us, as it taught the Germans against the pitiful Hereros in German Southwest, the difficulties of guerrilla warfare in wild lands where means of communication are lacking and regular troops, unaccustomed to such conditions, are at a sad disadvantage.

In a war of attrition the few resolute thousands, ready to sally from their mountain fortresses, or to defend them to the last, can inflict incommensurable damage in life and treasure upon the numerous but less mobile forces of their assailants. In the judgment of those who have been in their ranks, they may be killed off, but they will not submit. Many of the neighboring tribes have been detached from them, for the time at least. One hope of theirs is to stir up new outbreaks elsewhere in North Africa in the rear of their assailants. Another is that the Great Powers, already in financial difficulties at home, may consider it not worth while to continue the vast expense of war, however their military chiefs may urge that it is cheaper to make an end now than to begin all over again hereafter.

My friend did not profess he was moved to join in the fray by anything more than the fighting instinct which had led him into other fighting fields. He did not pose as one who had rushed to help a nation 'rightly struggling to be free,' whatever satisfaction might afterward be drawn from the thought. He did not enter upon the struggle in the mood of Garibaldi's Englishman, or others of his kind who gave themselves to the cause of Italian freedom as to an ideal of humanity. The soldier in him came to imagine the possibility of another European Power settling down in military occupation of the land, fortifying a naval port outside the Straits to secure the entrance of the Mediterranean, and setting up a few Big Berthas fourscore miles from Gibraltar to pulverize its rocks, so much more vulnerable to shells than yielding earthworks. And, to aid Big Berthas, flights of bombing airplanes would come from bases so conveniently near. Such nightmares of high politics were doubtless a happy afterthought of militarism, stiffening the resolution once taken to uphold the Riffi, stout fighters, so acceptable to a fighting man — all the more because a long-distance assault on Gibraltar, if ever contemplated, would be incomparably easier from within Spain than from Morocco.

The stubborn character of the war, the General asserted, is by no means reflected in the published dispatches of the French and Spaniards. Indeed the Riffi were often moved to laughter by the contrast between actual fact and European report, whether formally edited for publication or captured as unedited papers in trench raids. Vic-

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tory, there, lay in a matter of words; the heavy losses incurred on a single occasion were judiciously distributed over several weeks, and reported gradually as the result of many such encounters. The Riffi grant that the French are good fighters. They think less of the troops the Spaniards put in the field. 'They are no match,' says this interested critic, 'for the hardihood of the Riffi. I have watched hand-to-hand fighting in the trenches. Our men creep up armed with bombs and long knives. They throw a bomb here and there. The soldiers between have no idea of spreading for individual fight, but draw together in the middle with a gregarious instinct of mutual support. All the remaining bombs are flung into the crowd, and with the Moslem battle cry a knife charge follows. No quarter is asked or given. I have seen trenches after an attack in the Great War, but nothing I have seen hardens me against the sight here.' And so it goes on.

But it is not all ferocity and bloodshed. 'I have seen and known many people in high places,' said the General, 'but Abdul el Kerim (I am glad you don't say "Krim" — it is Kerim, the Merciful, one of the epithets of Allah) — Abdul the Merciful, I say, is the finest man of them all. Let me tell you a story of him. One day after a scrap I went to secure some water for my wounded. There was only a limited supply, just enough for my poor fellows' needs. Abdul el Kerim stopped me. "Take half," he said, "the rest is for the others" — and he pointed to the French wounded. "But surely," I began unthinkingly, "one's own men come first." He cut me short. "I have spoken," he said, and there was no more to say. Would the commander on the other side have been equally chivalrous to our wounded? I doubt it.' We learn, however, that medical supplies for the wounded have been admitted into the Rif.

The confidence of these mountaineers was not to be won easily by a foreign officer. Courage alone is not enough, though he must be careless of death, must be ready to lead a hand-to-hand charge in person. He must be able to inspire respect and something of discipline — to teach them better tactics, if necessary; to train their horsemen, may be, to charge home with a rush on an outlying party instead of firing from their saddles at skirmishing distance, where the enemy's rifles have all the advantage. And good leadership must be backed by just and upright conduct, by sympathy and consideration for his men and their belongings.

My friend's admiration for the Riffi was unstinted. He admired them as 'bonny fighters,' and because they care so strongly for the sanctity of their womenkind. He admired them for what he had seen of their old Moorish chivalry, extended even to prisoners, which appeals to anyone who feels and fights as a gallant knight. They are lovable with children, and to their horses at least they are as the merciful man who is merciful to his beast. No cavalry officer need daily inspect the mounts of his men, who care for their precious horses before they care for themselves.

The Riffi, one gathers, stand somewhere between Robin Hood and the Highland caterans, ready enough to rob or cut a throat on professional occasion, but not taking advantage of their weaker neighbors; fierce enough in actual fight, like your Highlanders, but, like your Highlanders, not cruel afterward to an enemy — who plays the game.

But they do not think their present enemies play the game when they treat the Riffi as savages, outside

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the conventions of civilized warfare, to be shot down by explosive bullets. They are blamed for mutilation of the fallen. My friend denied it of the true Riffi.

As to the chance of a treaty of peace, he was not hopeful. Firm proposals, he asserted, do not come through to Abdul el Kerim. Propositions for certain boundaries there have been, but these are not kept, especially by the Spaniards as soon as they feel strong enough to disregard them, and thus the Riffi cannot make terms with either of their adversaries. And, in general, negotiations are not straightforward as between men who can be trusted to make a pact and keep it; the Riffi cannot trust these Europeans — not even their soldiers, whom they might respect as fighting men. Behind diplomatic advances the strongest weapon is bribery. All the time the allegiance of local tribes is undermined by bribery of the sheiks, whose weakness is avarice — bribery even to betray the persons of Abdul's officers, our present General included. Mistrust grows; genuine offers carry no confidence, and unauthorized emissaries add to the confusion by playing an irresponsible part. This method of dealing with a proud enemy, he averred, is not that of the born colonizer; it ends in destruction, not assimilation.

And so our visitor goes out, as he came in — meteorically; for he is dashing off to Morocco again. His wound has been treated and has healed; his Riffi friends are expecting him to return with medicaments as well as arms. His swift motor boat has to run the gauntlet of equally swift torpedo boats, who may have picked up his signals as he approaches the coast. Shall we hear news of him again, — the nameless record of a blockade-runner sunk, — or will he escape into the unknown fastnesses of the Atlas, to disappear in the mists of adventure, or to revisit us, perhaps, when this adventure is overpast? Here at least is a glimpse of an uncommon figure and of his hearty sympathies with the untamed Highlanders of the Rif.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT. V[1]

BY CAPTAIN NICOLA POPOFF

My Korean friend T—— and my Chinese agent Chao, whom I called in for consultation and who were perfectly familiar with Japan's espionage system, told me that her head spies invariably exacted from the agents they employed incriminating contracts, which they considered indispensable in order to keep the latter in their power. T—— told me that such papers were usually kept in the offices of the Japanese consulates, but that those of extreme importance were filed at the head Japanese Intelligence Bureau in Changchun.

Unfortunately T——, for reasons I have already described, could not accompany me to Harbin, whither I now directed my search. But he gave

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me a letter of introduction to a friend there who, he said, could serve me as well as he himself could. On reaching Harbin I at once hunted up this gentleman and handed him the letter. I cannot mention his name or his nationality, but can only say that he assisted me without remuneration and at great personal risk. When I told him what I wanted he listened attentively, and after a moment's thought informed me that it would be almost impossible to get the paper I sought, especially in the short time I had at my disposal, since it would be only two or three weeks before Katzan's case came up in a military court. Nevertheless, he would do all in his power to procure it.

Four days later I was informed that the document was in Harbin, but that I could not get possession of it because several people would be held responsible if it disappeared. I then asked to have it brought to me only long enough to be photographed. I thereupon rented lodgings near the house where the document was kept, and arranged my apparatus and a darkroom for taking and developing a photograph immediately. Chao, who also followed me to Harbin, and T——'s friend called daily, but for a time they could give me no encouragement.

Eight days of intense nervous strain now followed. Then Chao came to my lodgings very much cast down and told me that an unexpected miscarriage had wrecked their whole scheme. This was most disheartening, for I had just received word from Irkutsk that Katzan's trial was set for ten days later. The letter bringing this news added that not only the townspeople, but even the officers detailed to prosecute the case, were convinced that the whole thing was a frame-up against Katzan.

Six days more passed in painful expectation. I deferred my departure to the last moment, planning to take an express that would bring me to Irkutsk barely in time for the trial. This train left at midnight. At eight o'clock that evening Chao came in and said that nothing could be done. I packed up, resolving that if the decision went against us I would immediately resign, return to Harbin, get the document I was after by hook or crook, and then demand a new trial.

At nine o'clock several of my agents came into my room. We were all in the dumps and sat silently brooding over the situation. I ordered a little supper, but even this did not cheer up the party.

Suddenly, at fifteen minutes past ten, the doorbell rang and I heard the voice of T——'s friend in the lobby, asking if the 'chief' was still at the house. The next moment he came in, pale as a sheet, and without uttering a word took from his pocket a small sheet of paper, which he handed to me with shaking hands. It was Katzan's contract. It read:—

'The undersigned, orderly of the general commanding the military district of Irkutsk, engages to serve honestly and faithfully the Japanese Government in consideration of a monthly salary of one hundred rubles. Signed, Corporal Katzan.'

The contract bore neither date nor place. As I still stood staring at it, hardly able to believe my good fortune real, T——'s friend, recovering his powers of speech, gasped: 'I can leave this document with you only ten minutes. Be quick.' I hastened to my photographic room, where half the necessary things were already packed, and with the help of my agents got them out of the bag and set to work. When I started to light the red lamp to develop the plate it seemed as if years had passed. The match went out. Not until a print was ready and I saw that

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it was clear and legible did my nerves relax. I wanted to take a second photograph, but T——'s friend knocked at the door and entreated me to hurry.

When I asked this gentleman how much I owed him for this priceless service he answered: 'Nothing. You cannot pay for that kind of thing, you know. It is only the sort of favor that a friend does for a friend of his friend.' And he departed.

On my way back to Irkutsk I decided to keep the results of my journey an absolute secret, for I feared that some new obstacle would be thrown in my way.

When I reached Irkutsk one of my lieutenants was waiting for me at the railway station with the heartening news that not only the townspeople but even the officers at the General's headquarters were saying that I had tried unsuccessfully to frame up Katzan and had fled to China.

I walked into the courtroom at ten o'clock and found the place crowded to overflowing with officers, soldiers, and civilians. Everybody was interested, not only because it was the first trial of the kind since our department had been organized, but because the defendant was the Commanding General's orderly and was popularly assumed to be innocent.

I was the first person upon the witness stand, where I related in a matter-of-fact way all the circumstances connected with the case from the time my agent first met Katzan up to the latter's arrest, omitting only the Srul incident, in compliance with my promise to him. As soon as I had testified the court took a recess, and I wandered out into the corridors among the spectators. I discovered at once that my story had made a good impression. Not only people who knew me, but entire strangers, came up to me and expressed their regret that my case was not more complete.

After the recess my agents were put on the stand. Their testimony was much less sensational than the public expected, and the audience was manifestly dissatisfied with it. Military considerations prevented my putting on the stand such capital witnesses as Chao and the detective who had posed as Katzan's friend, for that would have terminated their usefulness for my department. For the same reason nothing was said of the fact that we had discovered the Siraisi brothers photographing the map, or about Katzan's night revels at the General's residence.

When the court again took a recess I could see that the sympathy of the public had turned against me. Very few people addressed me, and I caught suspicious and ironical glances here and there. The third session was devoted to examining the witnesses for the defense, who had been selected by Captain N—— from among Katzan's comrades and friends.

Captain N—— himself gave a brilliant character to the accused, whom he described as a conscientious, faithful soldier. He said that his arrest was the result of a misunderstanding, if not of something worse. The other orderlies all confirmed the captain's statements. One of them, obviously anxious not to violate his oath, said he had happened to see Katzan talking to a Japanese or a Korean stranger on the street; and another soldier, employed as a staff clerk in the intelligence division, said that Katzan had asked him for the names of the officers of that division, but that he had refused to give them. These two trifling incidents were completely lost sight of, however, in the overwhelming flood of evidence in Katzan's favor presented by Captain N—— and the orderlies.

Katzan's advocate was a brilliant

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young captain who grasped his listeners' state of mind at once and heckled my witnesses with sarcastic questions that helped to turn sentiment in Katzan's favor. The accused, seeing the way things were going, burst out in wild lamentations, protesting that he was the victim of unjust accusations. He was quieted only after the presiding officer of the court threatened to have him taken out of the room unless he kept still.

Then came the third recess. I could see that public sentiment was overwhelmingly against me. People shunned me as if I had the plague, and even my friends stood aloof. I imagine there was not a man present who did not believe Katzan innocent. When the court reassembled for the fourth time the General Quartermaster of the Staff came up to me and said: 'Your case is lost. It is a disgrace for your whole section.' To this I made no answer. The fourth session began at eight o'clock in the evening. A nervous flutter ran through the courtroom. People were waiting impatiently for the pleadings. Everyone felt certain that the whole affair was a frame-up against Katzan.

The officer in charge of the prosecution sat gloomily in his chair, prepared to make the tedious routine speech which his duty imposed upon him, although convinced that it was useless, while the counsel for the defense surveyed the audience with beaming countenances and chatted with Katzan, who was the happiest man present and answered the captain with a smile. Presently the president of the court turned to the prosecuting officer and motioned for him to begin his speech.

Just at that moment I stepped up to the judges' bench and, taking the photograph of the fatal receipt from my dispatch case, asked permission to submit to the tribunal another document. I added that the welfare of the service had made it undesirable to submit this document at a public trial, but that I was now forced to do so in order to prevent an unjust verdict.

The president consented after a short consultation with his colleagues, and the document was read aloud while silence reigned throughout the hall. Its contents stunned the audience, the prosecutor, the attorney for the defense, and above all Katzan himself. Pale as chalk, Katsun stared at the president of the court with an expression of terror in his eyes. When that officer, turning sternly toward him, asked, 'Did you sign this contract?' Katsan fell on his knees and implored pardon: —

'Forgive me, lord judges, forgive me! I confess, I confess everything. I served the Japanese as a spy. Pardon me! Pardon me! I will never do it again.'

I had no reason to remain longer. I was exhausted. My nerves were on edge, and I had eaten nothing since early that morning. So I asked the president's permission to retire, and left the court. When I walked out of the hall people cheered me, but I hastened to get away from them; only a few minutes before they had been glowering at me with contempt.

Proceeding immediately to the nearest eating-place, the Modern Restaurant, I ordered supper. Here I waited for my lieutenant and other members of my section who had remained in the courtroom to hear the verdict. They came an hour later, together with several of the spectators. It was all over. Katzan had been sentenced to four and one-half years of hard labor.

As soon as the lieutenant had made his report people flocked around me from every side. They said they believed the verdict was just, and expressed their astonishment that I had

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been able to procure so secret and important a document. The captain who had been in charge of the defense came up and apologized. He said he had been fully convinced of Katzan's innocence, that the latter had sworn to him by the memory of his mother that he was not guilty but was the victim of a frame-up.

That settled Katzan. I need only add that after the trial he refused to give any further information regarding his work as a spy, or to name the Japanese who employed him. He said the trial was over, he would take his punishment, and he wanted to be let alone. He even refused to appeal. He simply said to the court: —

'I am satisfied with the sentence. I expected twelve years, and I get only four.'

This matter settled, and the morale and prestige of my office somewhat restored, I now proceeded to follow up the case against Siraisi.

IN A BRITISH COAL MINE[1]

BY J. W. F.

He was a big, powerful man, the sort of man generally described as a 'typical guardsman.'

He had wandered much. He had seen men work at many occupations — tea planters in Ceylon and China, gold miners on the Rand, diamond miners at Kimberley, cowboys in the Wild West, lumberjacks in Canada. . . . He had seen men build ships and make cotton and woolen goods, and he had sailed in a tramp steamer. He had soldiered through the war and risen to the rank of colonel; but he confessed he had never seen an electrically driven coal-cutting machine working in a twenty-inch seam.

He was anxious to see one. Our manager granted permission, and he came to see. I met him at the pit-head. He was dressed for the occasion in a suit of mechanic's overalls. With eighteen others we got into the cage. As the descent began he gasped for breath and clutched my arm.

The cage stopped, and we stepped out. A few minutes were spent explaining the mysteries of haulage ropes and roadways; then we started for the face. 'Now keep your back well bent; it's only four feet high, so be careful!'

We tramped steadily. He stumbled; his eyes were unaccustomed to the faint light of a safety lamp. 'Ugh; wait a minute! Ugh, my head!' He failed to keep his head low enough, and hit a baulk. I turned round. The perspiration was streaming down his face, his breathing was labored, and we had only gone four hundred yards. We halted a few minutes; I warned him to stoop lower, and away we went again.

At last we arrived at the deputy's place, and I handed him a pair of leather knee-pads. 'What are these for?' he asked. I fixed them for him, explaining that they were to protect his knees when creeping. 'Are we going to creep?'

[1] From the *Daily Herald* (London Labor daily), *May* 3

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'Yes.' 'Ugh! Is it far?' 'No; keep your back well down and follow me.' . . .

'Here we are. That's the face. Now get down, and we'll crawl along to where the coal-cutter is working.'

With great difficulty he got into the twenty-inch-high passage, and we dragged ourselves along. Men were working stripped to the waist and bathed in perspiration. One stopped the machine and explained how it worked. We pulled ourselves back a little. 'Right; set her away!' The power was switched on, and the machine began working.

Flying coal dust filled the air till you could not see. The stench of heating oil and the sweat of human bodies made it almost impossible to breathe. The Colonel coughed and spluttered as the coal dust got into his throat. The roof 'weighed,' the supports creaked, the coal cracked like rolls of thunder.

The scene was indescribable. We half crawled, half dragged ourselves along. 'Let's get out of this,' pleaded our visitor. So out we got, back to the deputy's 'kist,' offed with our knee-pads, and made our way to the shaft. The visitor reeled like a drunken man. His head hit the roof. Down went his head and up went his back. 'Ugh!' and he fell on his knees. Out went his lamp. One lamp between two of us. After many stops we arrived at the shaft, and then up into the fresh air. With great difficulty he stretched himself erect. His back ached, his head ached, his knees ached, he felt awful. 'Oh, is n't the fresh air grand?' he cried.

I asked him what he thought of it all. His answer came like a burst of thunder: 'It's like Hell! Absolutely the rottenest job I ever saw. I am sorry for those fellows. I wonder they stick it. Fancy sticking a job like that for ten shillings a day! It's a rotten job. Absolutely rotten!'

I don't think he'll want to see a coal-cutting machine at work in a twenty-inch seam any more for a while.

EPITAPH ON A DISUSED SUNDIAL

BY ARCHIBALD Y. CAMPBELL

[*London Mercury*]

STRANGER, time passes; ask not how.
I was a dial once; but now,
My crown is defaced by years of rain,
As my own tombstone I remain,
To testify that in this place
Stood once one of that gentle race
Whom their own shape and choice empowers
To number only sunlit hours.
He who too long does nothing, dies.
Lie light upon me, English Skies!

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THE RIDDLE OF CELLULOSE[1]

BY PROFESSOR DOCTOR EBNER

No other substance is receiving so much attention from the physical chemist today as cellulose. This is not only the chief structural material in all plants, but it is also the raw material of new and important industries. Notwithstanding the patient study that has been devoted to it, however, its chemical structure and composition still present many puzzles.

Cellulose has two qualities that render the investigation of its physical and chemical constitution especially difficult: it is insoluble in water or other ordinary solvents, and it is extremely sensitive to the action of acids and saline solutions. These qualities make it almost impossible to determine from the products of its decomposition what the form of its original constituents was. To be sure, cellulose shares this incapacity for molecular dispersion with several other organic substances, like albumin, starch, and certain pigments, which are classified together under the collective name of colloids.

The first investigator whose patient studies gave him some insight into the spacial structure of the colloids and their so-called solutions was Karl von Nägeli, whose researches into the constitution of starch in the late fifties of the last century convinced him that all colloids were made up of minute crystalloid bodies which he called micellæ, or 'little crumbs.' These he assumed to be extremely diminutive groups of molecules, too small to be visible under the most powerful microscope, arranged in symmetrical patterns so that their internal structure resembled that of crystals, although they might assume various outward shapes. While most chemical substances, like salt, sugar, and the like, separate into their individual molecules in water, the colloids cannot do this, but simply separate into these tiny molecular aggregations, or micellæ, which are the lowest subdivisions of which they are capable while retaining their collodial identity.

Nägeli's researches, however, could be pursued only to a certain point for lack of the technical instrumentalities necessary for further investigation. The next advance had to wait upon later discoveries, and only within the past few years has the nature of these molecular groups, or primary particles, of the cellulose structure been fully established. The first step forward followed the discovery that cellulose refracted light in the same way that crystals do — for instance, the cell walls of a flax fibre produced a refraction six times that produced by quartz. It was shown further, by saturating the cellulose with water, that this double refraction was not due to the fact that the tiny rod-groups, or micellæ, were embedded in a medium of different refractivity from itself, but that the micellæ themselves had a distinct refractive index, such as had hitherto been assumed to be peculiar to microscopic crystals.

This led to the conclusion that cellulose must consist of minute rodlike

[1] From *Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative daily), *April 22*

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crystals connected in series, and that this stringing together of the minute rods, and the parallel grouping of the strings, persisted even throughout a great number of chemical changes in the cellulose itself. For example, the rodlike structure of the micellæ was not affected when cellulose was treated with nitric acid and thus converted into guncotton.

These conclusions were brilliantly confirmed when the X-ray was applied to the investigation of fibres. In 1920 ramie, an almost pure form of cellulose, was discovered to produce an X-ray photograph of a kind previously observed only in case of crystals. For example, while noncrystallized, or so-called amorphous, substances produce simply a black blur on a Röntgen plate, crystals and crystalline bodies produce a number of alternating bright and dark curved lines called interference lines. The appearance and strength of these lines bear an intimate relation to the inner structure of the crystal — the so-called crystal grating. In case of ramie fibres, these interference rings were not, to be sure, complete, but fell into definite symmetrically arranged points or short segments of circles. Polanyi, who in 1921 made an exhaustive investigation of these Röntgen, four-point patterns, or fibre diagrams, showed that they appear only when the innumerable tiny crystals that form a crystalline substance all lie with their axes in the same direction, instead of in different directions. Such an arrangement of these crystalloids in parallels is characteristic of the structure of all fibres — not only of ramie, but cotton, silk, wood fibre, and all similar substances of vegetable or animal origin, including hair, muscles, and nerves.

But while natural cellulose in the form of ramie, cotton, flax, and other similar fibres, has all its crystallized micellæ lying with their axes parallel to the axis of the fibre itself, that is not true of artificial cellulose, mercerized cotton, and most kinds of artificial silk. The latter have their crystals lying pell-mell in all directions, and an X-ray photograph of them shows alternating dark and light lines in closed circles.

Very recently it has proved possible, by employing certain methods of drawing and tension when the cellulose is leaving the copper-ammoniac solution, to produce an artificial silk whose crystalline structure as shown by its X-ray photograph is the same as that of natural cellulose. In other words, its rodlike, crystalloid micellæ all have their axes lying in the same direction. The displacement, or jumbling-up out of their normal parallel order, of the crystals in ordinary artificial silk explains why this substance reacts so much more readily to chemicals, and absorbs water and colors so much more quickly, than natural fibres. Its component crystals lie in all directions, leaving interstices and exposing a larger surface to foreign ingredients like pigments and moisture. On the other hand, the end-to-end arrangement of the micellæ in parallel lines that exists in natural fibres is easy to understand, for it is necessary, not only for the upward growth of the plant, but in order to give the plant greater resistance to wind, weather, and other external influences.

While the origin of the crystalloid structures now assumed to make up every fibre is not definitely known, it is very probable that they do not exist in the young plant or animal from the beginning, but are developed from an amorphous jelly. Young asparagus, for example, and the chitin of insects in the chrysalis state, are still structureless, and consist of an incompact, watery substance that is later converted

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into a firm crystalline composition. We may infer that drawing and tension play the same part in the formation of the fibre here that they do in the latest processes of producing artificial silk. Drawn-metal wire, which likewise consists of minute crystalline rods and consequently produces the same Röntgen diagrams as natural cellulose, gives us a hint to this effect, and confirms the inference that vegetable fibres are crystallized from some amorphous material.

This assumption has been strengthened by the results of recent investigations in natural silk-fibrine and chitin, which play the same part in the animal structure that cellulose does in the vegetable structure. In all these different organic compounds, both vegetable and animal, an identical crystalline substance has been discovered embedded in certain adhesive materials which chemists have for a long time designated as mucilages, or semicellulose, without knowing their exact constitution. Unless there were some such intermediate substance, cellulose itself would not possess sufficient resistance to wind-pressure and similar forces to perform its functions in plant and animal existence. For if the tiny crystalline rods were in direct contact, their size and shape would be easily modified by external accident and the strength of the cellulose fibre would be seriously weakened.

This binder or cement in cellulose is much more easily attacked by chemicals than the crystals themselves. Every laundryman knows how quickly textile fibres are affected by mineral acids, which weaken them so that they will rub to pieces between the fingers. Chemists have hitherto called the product resulting from the action of such acids upon cellulose hydrocellulose, without being able to describe exactly what the chemical reaction producing it was. Investigations show that this product consists mostly of unchanged or very slightly changed cellulose. X-ray photographs show that hydrocellulose has practically the same Röntgen diagram as ordinary cellulose. We are thus led to infer that acids do not affect the tiny crystalline rods or micellæ themselves, but only the binder between them, and that their effect is simply to allow these rods to fall apart.

This isolation of the crystalline bodies is important in its bearing upon other chemical transformations. We have already mentioned that when cotton is converted into guncotton, or nitrocellulose, the outer form of the fibres is not changed. All that occurs is an internal transformation, or pseudomorphosis, of the tiny crystalloids. That is, the chemical reaction occurs in each of these crystalloids individually, while it is kept in its original position by the binding substance. Very recent researches show that when cellulose absorbs water the latter is taken up by the binder between the micellæ, and not by the crystalloids themselves.

What we have said of the structural character of fibres, as consisting of minute micellæ, or rodlike crystalloids arranged parallel and end-to-end, which we can now assume to have been definitely demonstrated by the X-ray, fully explains two characteristics which distinguish cellulose from other organic substances — its tensile strength and its chemical inertness. But when we extend our inquiries to the ultimate component of these crystalloid formations, to the primary parts of the micella, we immediately encounter new difficulties which have not yet been solved. We are practically certain that the ultimate constituents of the micella must be a grape-sugar residuum consisting of six atoms of carbon, ten atoms of hydrogen, and five atoms of oxygen. The presence of these grape-sugar or

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glucose residua is inferred from the well-known fact that both plant cellulose and starch, which is closely related to it, can be produced out of grape sugar and can again be converted into grape sugar. Cellulose and starch are easily converted into grape sugars with acids and ferments, by a process which we call hydrolysis, because it is associated with the incorporation of water in the cellulose molecule.

How many of these glucose residua are contained in the crystalloid cell, or micella, and how they are arranged with reference to each other, are not yet definitely known. To be sure, Polanyi has attempted to determine the constitution of the micella from X-ray photographs of cellulose. He has estimated the length of the three edges of these tiny, rodlike, orthorhombic, or possibly monoclinic crystals, and from that their cubical content, and has reached the conclusion that each micella has a volume of about six hundred and eighty quadrillionths of a cubic centimetre, which indicates that a small thimble would hold about fifteen hundred trillions of these little rods. Since we know how much space a single atom of carbon, hydrogen, or oxygen occupies, we can easily figure out how many grape-sugar residua, with the chemical formula $C_6H_{10}O_5$, a single micella can contain. It works out practically four glucose groups to one cellulose crystal.

Unfortunately this astonishingly simple chemical solution, as derived from the X-ray photographs, is subject to some doubt. We are not perfectly certain whether the length of the edges of the rodlike micellæ may not be some multiple of the figure at which Polanyi arrived. If so, the number of glucose groups each one contains would be correspondingly increased. In any case, the Röntgen method has not shown us definitely the molecular weight and the molecular size of the cellulose micella. The only way in which we can solve that problem beyond question will be by chemical analysis, probably by a procedure similar to that through which the constitution of albumin was so cleverly determined.

Provisionally, however, we are in possession of one interesting fact. Cellulose and other fibre materials do not consist, as chemists have hitherto assumed, of large and complex molecular combinations, but of relatively small and simple molecular groups.

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MY CHINESE SERVANTS[1]

BY ANI PFISTER

To-day I met upon the street my former 'German boy,' the pearl of boys. One day, shortly after I first came to China, he suddenly turned up in my kitchen. My old boy told me that he himself had been suddenly called back to Shantung by the death of his father. As a matter of fact, he had got a better job, for I saw him two days later washing the windows of a neighbor's house, and he gave me a cheerful bow. He explained that his friend Lu, who had been called Fritz by his former master, had come to take his place. I was a greenhorn and did not know that this was the invariable procedure in China, and was doubtful as to what I should do.

In the Celestial Kingdom death is a servant's conventional excuse for leaving a place or taking a vacation. Whenever a boy wants a little time off he kills his father or his mother. My present boy is not quite such a chronic mourner as most of them, especially since the first time he reported a new baby in his family as an excuse for a short absence and I gave him some of my husband's discarded linen to make clothes for it. Since then he has always reported new arrivals instead of departures when he wants a short vacation. I have figured out that these occur every three or four months, and wonder if he is a polygamist.

My husband's Chinese laboratory assistant has had a regular epidemic in his family. Death has followed death with appalling frequency. But after every funeral the young man turns up at the Institute as blithe and merry as ever. The Chinese stenographer has had equally impressive reasons for pondering on our common mortality. He recently informed my husband, in great distress, that his last child had just died and that he must go to Tientsin to the funeral. I'll wager, though, that inside of a few months another child of his will need to be conducted to its last resting-place. Since death and funeral rites do not occur at the same time in China, but the latter ceremonies are held by the priests several months after the soul has left the body, these events have the advantage of making an excuse for two distinct holidays.

But to come back to Lu. I had no reason to regret the exchange. He had learned to cook at Tsingtau, where he had worked for a long time in the family of a first lieutenant. He never tired of singing the praises of the good man and his wife, and spoke German with remarkable fluency. It is a striking fact that the average Chinese servant here learns Russian and German perfectly, but never gets beyond pidgin in speaking English.

Lu had copied his etiquette from the lieutenant's orderlies. His '*Zu Befehl, Herr Doktor,*' and his '*Weiss schon Bescheid, gnädige Frau,*' with his hands precisely where his trouser-seams would have been if there were any in Chinese trousers, were impeccable.

One day when I went out into the

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *April* 16

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kitchen I discovered Lu — he had heard me coming — bathed in tears over his string beans. He rose respectfully when I entered, but his tragedy overpowered him, and seizing the wash cloth — never too clean in a Chinese kitchen — he wept aloud in it. In reply to my sympathetic questioning he informed me in a sob-broken voice: 'My wife has been kidnapped. [Suppressed sobs] They carried her to France [the French concession in Shanghai] and are detaining her there. They want a hundred-dollar ransom. [A new paroxysm of weeping] A friend has told me where she is. Can't I leave at noon to get her? [A new outburst of violent grief]'

I was almost overcome, half by sheer surprise, half by sympathy, but had the moral strength to say that I would consider the matter. Finally we agreed on a two hours' absence. Later I had every reason to believe that the whole comedy had been contrived merely so that my boy could get off for a wedding or a funeral.

My readers will understand that servants are allowed to leave the house only with the permission of their employers. To be sure, they slip away evenings after their work is done, and their masters and mistresses often wink at this practice. But instead of asking simply, 'May I have a few hours off?' a boy will invariably make up a long story to justify his excuse. If I were to show that I saw through his fibs, he would be insulted and leave me. He would have lost his face.

On the other hand, if I am expecting visitors or have a guest in the house, my Chinese servant will never ask to go out. His prestige — that is, his face — won't permit it. When his master has guests everything must run smoothly. Without any instructions, the boy polishes up the silver, brings out fresh linen and tablecloths, dusts and rubs the furniture until it shines, waxes the chamber floors, and — even sweeps out the corners! During the last half-hour before the guests arrive the whole house is in a fury of activity. Visitors must be impressed by the fine way in which his *Tai-tai's* house is kept.

If I have n't enough dishes, silver, or chairs, I need not worry about it. When my guests arrive the table is faultlessly set — flowers, silver, and porcelain are all there in abundance. Where do they come from? Mostly from our neighbors' houses — naturally without their knowing anything about it. But it is a rare thing for a guest to recognize his own spoons, for although I never tell my boy who is coming, and the people I have invited never tell their servants where they are going, and the servants do not understand our language, all the boys know perfectly well that Mr. and Mrs. C—— will dine to-night with Dr. O——.

This secret news-service in China is wonderful. Even the diplomats profit by it. In some mysterious way a ricksha coolie knows before you leave the house just where you are going. During the winter, when there are 'at homes' almost daily, I need only get into my ricksha, without saying a word, to be carried directly to the place I wish. Not long ago, when we were going back on a visit to Germany through Siberia, my husband had arranged all his passport and letter-of-credit affairs except his Russian visé. He called a strange ricksha that happened to be standing in front of the house, and without his saying a word the puller took him directly to the Russian Embassy.

This custom of borrowing and lending things is a great convenience in a country where so many foreigners stay only a short time and do not wish to acquire a large stock of household goods. One time when we were giving a tea for Chinese students we were

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expecting sixteen guests and had only eight chairs. I sent my boy to a neighbor, a Chinese officer, to borrow some. Yes, the officer would let us have them with pleasure, but just then he had guests sitting on them and eating ice cream. Of course, he really had neither guests nor ice cream. He merely wanted to show me that he was familiar with European customs.

I have often quite unconsciously performed such favors for my neighbors. Once when we were invited to dine with some friends I used the free afternoon to make a general inspection of my kitchen. One of my baking tins was lacking. After long hesitation my cook pulled it out of the oven with a beautiful pie in it. I did not say anything, but made up my mind to watch the disposition of that pie.

Our dinner with Mrs. X—— passed off smoothly. She was an American lady, and just before dessert was served said that she had a little surprise for us — a genuine German pastry. Naturally we were all expectation. Her boy, with the most innocent and complacent face in the world, brought in — my pie! The pie was only too German. It had been made in my kitchen, with my materials, and baked with my fuel — and all by my 'German boy' from Tsingtau, who had sold it to the cook next door. Naturally Mrs. X—— had not the slightest inkling of the true situation, and I took care not to shake her faith in her 'pearl of a German-trained cook.' Besides, I had no idea how often I might have served my own impromptu guests ice cream or butter from her house.

Trifles like having five people drop in unexpectedly for dinner, or even come in after dinner is over and need to be fed, do not disturb in the slightest a cook in this Celestial realm. He goes about his work in the same leisurely, placid manner as ever. I go into the kitchen and say: 'Four extra people have just come in for dinner. They will want something to eat in a quarter of an hour.' On such occasions I have found that it is wisest to drop the subject right there and do no more worrying. Cooks from House Number 19 and House Number 21 come in and help, and ten minutes later the boy is generally ready to announce, '*Kai fan* (Dinner is served).' The soup has been hurriedly heated out of a can. Number 19 brought over some cream for it. The omelette is from our own kitchen, perhaps with asparagus added. The composition and the size of the cutlets are determined by the variety and the amount of the meat left over in the ten next houses. Our five courses of vegetables depend on the same complex situation. Evidently it has not been possible to get them all alike on such short notice. The vanilla ice cream is eked out with strawberry ice cream from Number 19. The cake is evidently from an American household. To-morrow, perhaps, my cook will help out House Number 19 and House Number 21 in return.

Who says that China has n't gone Communist?

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CIVILIZING THE CAUCASUS[1]

BY LEV TOLSTOI

[THIS hitherto unpublished fragment, apparently originally intended to be included in his story, *The Invaders*, was recently discovered among Tolstoi's papers and printed at Moscow. It evidently marks one stage in the author's progress toward a creed of nonresistance and brotherly love.]

NOT a living soul was left in the village. Here and there along the fences frightened chickens, asses, and dogs fled in a panic; but a flock of ducks continued to paddle peacefully in the little pond below, oblivious of the disaster. The Chechens had evidently abandoned the place the night before, carrying with them their women and children, their rugs, their cooking utensils, their horses and cattle, and their weapons, and had fled down the steep descent into the gorge below, where our troops could not pursue them without exposing themselves to heavy losses. We and our brave colonel had had no opportunity to prove our prowess. There was no one to fight, no one to sabre. Now and then, to be sure, a bullet whizzed past, but that was none of our business. A detachment of infantry had been sent to clean out the enemy's hidden riflemen. My excitement, which had hitherto borne me up, did not subside until we halted. As long as we were pushing ahead at a gallop I felt no fear. I was quite capable, it seemed to me, of killing a man with my own hand. But now that I had stopped and had nothing to occupy me I was conscious of a different mood. The bullets that whistled past and occasionally wounded a horse or a man had a disagreeable effect upon my nerves. I comforted myself with the thought that the Chechens were not aiming at me, and likened myself, in my civilian clothing among these uniformed soldiers, to some worthless bird that flies up at a hunter's feet when he is intent upon big prey. Only a pothunter would kill a bird like that, and the Chechens were not pothunters in time of war. They would not waste their bullets on a civilian when they had so many soldiers in sight to shoot.

The General reached the village. At once our lines were strengthened and pushed forward. Bullets ceased to whistle past our ears.

'All right, Colonel,' said the General with a smile; 'let the boys set fire to the place, and grab anything they can get. I see they are anxious to start.'

The General's voice and his expression were the same that they were when he invited guests at his home to be seated at the dinner table. Only the words were different. You cannot imagine the effect that this contrast between his polished, gracious manner and the military realities around us produced upon me.

Dragoons, Cossacks, and infantrymen scattered through the village. A roof fell here; a door was burst in there; a fence flared up in flame; a haycock started to burn; pungent

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *April* 3

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smoke mingled with the fresh, cool morning air. A Cossack passed us dragging behind him a sack of flour and a sack of corn, and carrying two chickens. Another packed a big kettle on his back and carried a jug of milk. A third drove past a donkey loaded with booty. Some men led past a very old Chechen almost naked, and frightened nearly to death, who had not been able to escape by flight.

The village stood on a slope. A dozen *sazhens* above lay the edge of an immense forest, beyond which was the deep gulch I have mentioned.

I turned my horse up this slope to a point from which I could look down upon the village, already in flames, and the bustling troops that filled it. A captain rode up, and we sat in our saddles chatting and joking while we watched the soldiers destroy the fruits of so much human labor. Suddenly a piercing shriek arrested our attention. We turned around. Some thirty sazhens away a woman who had just escaped from the village was running up the slope. She was carrying a baby in a sash. Her head and features were covered with a white cloth, but her movements and her contours showed she was still young. She ran with surprising speed, one arm lifted above her head, shrieking at every step. Just behind her ran several infantrymen. One of them, with a rifle on his shoulder, outdistanced his comrades and was about to seize the woman, eager to get a bag of money she was carrying.

'They 'll kill her, the scoundrels!' exclaimed the Captain, and giving his horse a cut with his riding whip he galloped toward the party. 'Hands off; don't touch her,' he cried.

But just as he spoke the soldier in advance overtook the woman and clutched at the moneybag, to which she clung. When she refused to relinquish it, he raised his gun in both hands and brought it down with all his strength across her back. She fell; blood covered her blouse; her baby began to cry. The Captain, knocking off the soldier's fur cap, grabbed him by the hair and without uttering a word beat him so violently that I thought he would kill him. Then he went up to the woman and turned her over. When he saw the tear-stained face of the baby, and the sweet face of the girl, who could not have been more than eighteen years old, all pale and bleeding at the mouth, he ran to his horse, sprang in the saddle, and dashed away at a gallop. I caught a glint of tears in his eyes.

Why did you do that, soldier? I saw your silly smile when the Captain lambasted you. You thought the Captain was beating you simply to gratify his feelings. You expected your comrades to approve your act. I know you. When you get back to your station, and are sitting in the barracks with your legs crossed, you will smile complacently as you listen to your comrades boasting of your exploit. You will possibly interject a joking remark about the captain who beat you.

Think of your wife Anissia, a soldier's wife who keeps a tavern in the government of T——. Think of little Aliochka, a soldier's son, whom you left in Anissia's arms and whom you looked back at as you left, waving your hand to keep him from crying. What would you say were a party of drunken laborers to enter the tavern some fine day, pick a row with your wife, beat her, and throw a pewter mug at Aliochka's head? How would you like that? Perhaps you never think of such things. You say: These people here are savages and scoundrels. That may be true. They are savages. But that won't prevent the day coming when you, a poor old soldier, will feel

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death drawing near. Anissia will hurry off for the priest. He will come when you are already in your death agony and ask if you have sinned against the Sixth Commandment. 'I have sinned, Father,' you will say, with a groan. And then suddenly the memory of this brutal act will flash vividly before your eyes. Your imagination will retrace the whole horrible scene — the woman's dying eyes, the slender trickle of blood flowing from her mouth, the deep wound in her back under her blue blouse. You will see those eyes dart a last reproachful look at you, filled with inexpressible despair. A child's horrified face will rise before your vision. And the low but terribly distinct voice of conscience will utter to you the one dreadful word. You will feel a strangling clutch at your heart; the first and the last tears that you will ever shed will moisten your cheeks. But it will be too late. Tears of repentance will not save you. A mortal chill will seize you. I pity you, soldier.

After the village was completely destroyed, and nothing was left but smouldering ruins, the General departed and ordered the troops to retire. The soldiers withdrew in the same order in which they had advanced, a detachment of infantry on either flank and the smiling General surrounded by his staff in the centre. But the enemy had received reënforcements, and attacked us with fury. Bullets rained on us from both directions. Nevertheless the General was perfectly calm and undisturbed — a commander must be an example to his men. He rode side by side with the Colonel. They conversed as if they were riding in the park. The Colonel looked like a typical Englishman on his bay charger. He rode in an English saddle with peculiar stirrups, his legs thrust out straight ahead. His polished boots shone like mirrors, his trousers and waistcoat were white, his military tunic was unbuttoned; he wore cuffs and a detachable collar, and had red whiskers — a model of quiet elegance.

'You will command the advance guard, Colonel,' said the General, with a courteous smile.

'At your orders,' replied the Colonel, saluting. Then he added in French: 'I really feel hurt at this, my General. You never entrust the rear guard to my care. One would think that you were offended with me.'

'You know yourself that the Princess would never pardon me if you were wounded. My only excuse would be to be wounded with you.'

'Surely you don't shirk risks, my General.'

'If I am killed I am sure you would be the first to see my body safely to the rear; and I would do the same for you.'

The Colonel bowed with an amiable smile and muttered a word or two.

'What cultivated gentlemen!' I exclaimed to myself. I should add that while this conversation occurred their horses were at a full gallop and we were all under heavy fire. Several soldiers near us were wounded, and had to be carried forward on stretchers. One, struck in the neck, howled at the top of his voice. A young second lieutenant in the General's suite glanced at him with a look of pity and involuntarily exclaimed, 'How dreadful!'

The General interrupted his conversation to give the young officer a quick, sarcastic glance, and asked: 'Where's your nerve, young man?'

A couple of hundred sazhens farther on, when we were out of the enemy's fire for a moment, the General dismounted and ordered a meal prepared. His officers followed suit. A smooth-faced young adjutant lay down a little distance away with a thoughtful look on his countenance. He seemed to be

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thinking to himself, 'All right; but if I am killed, what then?'

The other officers gathered around the General and watched with great affected interest the preparation of an omelette and a cutlet in a casserole heated by kerosene. One would imagine that they found the idea that the General was going to eat something most absorbing. I wondered what the slowly retiring soldiers were thinking. They were surrounded on all sides by the Chechens, who had gathered from every direction like flies around a syrup jug. The dull roar of cannon punctuated the incessant rattle of rifles, and great billows of smoke poured across the country.

'Who's commanding the rear guard now?' asked the General.

'Captain N——,' answered one of his officers.

'A good man,' commented the General. 'I've known him a long time. He's a regular pack horse. You always find him where it is hottest. Just think of it, he was my senior when I first came to the Caucasus in 1822.'

The adjutants expressed their surprise and interest, but the General continued without pausing, 'Order the men there to retire by echelons.'

An adjutant hastily mounted and galloped off toward the rear. My curiosity was stronger than my fear, and I accompanied him. Without approaching the commander of the rear guard, to whom he was carrying instructions, the adjutant delivered them to the first officer he met. I rode up to the Captain. He stared at me, scowled, and, without addressing a word to me, turned round and began giving orders. He shouted and cursed, but without the slightest show of excitement. The commander of the battalion had been wounded and the Captain had taken his place. A young Georgian prince rode up.

'Let me charge them with the bayonet. We can drive them back.'

'You presume too much, young man. It is for you to obey and not to order. Your instructions are to protect the convoy.' And the Captain turned elsewhere.

'Why not give me a chance? Let me charge, I beg you.'

'Have you a mother?' the Captain asked brusquely, swinging round. 'Think of her.'

The young prince looked confused.

'Get back to your position,' the Captain added sternly.

The Chechens pressed their attack with increasing fury. Our troops drove them back from time to time with a volley of grapeshot. Their fire would die down for a moment, only to resume a moment later hotter than ever. A pale lieutenant stepped up to the Captain and reported, 'My company is out of ammunition.' (He exaggerated.) 'What shall I do? The Georgian prince wants to change places with me. Anyhow, we can charge them with bayonets.'

'Who's talking bayonets? Our orders are to withdraw, not to stop here. You go and guard that convoy, and send the young prince to me.'

The latter appeared immediately. Disregarding the orders of the Captain, he gave an hurrah and charged down the declivity, followed by his company. His soldiers stumbled forward with difficulty under their booty-laden knapsacks, but they managed it somehow, and disappeared in the gulch with a weak cheer.

After half an hour of firing, tumult, shrieking, and cursing, which reached our ears from below, an old soldier clambered up the steep slope holding his rifle in one hand and a yellow and reddish object in the other — the head of a Chechen. The fellow dropped on one knee, wiped the perspiration from

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his brow, piously made the sign of the cross, and lying down on the grass began to clean his bayonet against his knapsack. A few minutes later two other soldiers appeared, carrying a man. It was the Georgian prince, who was wounded in the chest. He was as white as a handkerchief and could scarcely breathe. They hurried to get the surgeon.

The latter was drunk. He began to joke. His hand trembled so that his probe, instead of touching the wound, hit the prince's nose.

'Leave me alone,' said the wounded man. 'I'm done for. But we drove them back, my Captain.'

'Yes, drove them back with our own ribs,' muttered the old man lying on the ground by the side of the Chechen's head. 'That fellow's too young to die like that. And he's left plenty of his soldiers dead down there besides.'

I seated myself next to the old fellow, muttering half aloud, 'What a pity!'

'Sure,' assented the soldier. 'It's nasty business. He did n't know what fear was.'

'And you? Were you afraid?'

'Every man's afraid when things get as hot as that.' But I could see that the soldier himself was really unconscious of fear. Who was truly brave? The General? The soldier? The lieutenant? Or perhaps the Captain?

While I rode with the Captain back to the group around the General, he remarked to me: 'I hate this going up and being congratulated. How can he congratulate me? He might if he fought at our side, but he does n't. They say he has to look out for himself. If so, why does he come here at all? Why doesn't he manage his campaigns from his office? This is not a war that requires a strategist. All it needs is savvy and courage. Really, it's all too commonplace for compliments.'

Just then two adjutants rode up, one after the other, with orders. 'See the slackers,' muttered the Captain. 'You never see one of those chaps on the firing line. But look at all of them here! And more orders, more orders! I feel sorry about the young prince. Why did he volunteer for service in this God-forsaken country?'

'And you yourself?' I asked. 'Why are you here?'

'Why, my dear young fellow, what do you suppose? What else should I be doing!'

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NEVER AGAIN![1]

BY CHARLES FENBY

THE door of the taproom swung open and a cold draught of air pushed its way in among the drinkers. A very strong and forward draught it must have been, for even when the door was full open it did not seem in that dim light as though there was any gap through which it could have come. The way was completely blocked by Mrs. Swift's body. She stood there motionless for a few minutes. Perhaps she was hesitating whether to proceed further. Then she moved her body out of the doorway and steered her way across the floor as straight as one of Sam Botley's furrows. The landlord was rinsing out some glasses.

'Bin to see 'er, Mrs. Swift?' he called out, and he lowered his left eyelid with cunning.

Mrs. Swift stopped and eyed him for a second. Then, tossing her head, she continued her walk until she was standing by the only table in the room. With his back against the wall, Sam Botley was sitting there looking profoundly into the depths of his evening pint. Perhaps he saw a portent there, for he immediately lifted his eyes and looked at her. 'Yer 've seen 'er, Mrs. Swift?' he asked, and then resumed his contemplation of the beer, as though he thought he had said too much.

Mrs. Swift sat down with a flop. 'Yes, to both o' yer,' she exclaimed, rapping the table so that Sam clutched his pewter pot in alarm. 'Yes. But never again!'

Perhaps Sam saw something amusing in her words, or perhaps he saw a fly struggling in his beer. At all events, he allowed himself to smile. He immediately regretted his rashness. Mrs. Swift had seen him, and when he in turn saw the look on her face he tipped back his head and almost inverted the pewter pot over it in a vain attempt to drown his smile.

'Samuel Botley,' said Mrs. Swift with a dreadful solemnity, 'what yer smilin' at? Eh? Yer know very well there's nowt to laugh at. There 'ave I bin through that turrible humiliation, a humiliation as I does n't know how to express, and I come 'ere to find yer grinning like a jackhass.'

Mrs. Swift ended on a pathetic note; and now she suddenly seemed to wilt. She crumpled up, and her ample bosom settled on the table. She made a noise as though she were weeping, and Sam sunk his eye still lower into the pewter. He wore a guilty look.

'It's them daughters o' mine,' she went on plaintively. 'Them that's left to plague my old age and ought to know better than to remind me o' t' one what's desarted 'er old mother. There was Aggie nagging on at me, and Annie bawling into my ear, "Yer mun go and see 'er, Ma," she says; "it's 'er birthday, and you know she'll expect yer." 'Course she'd expect me, 'er what I turned out o' my house for marrying agin my wishes (and a swanky little gaffer he is an' all) — 'er what did it contrary to 'er own mother and was wed with never a one of 'er own family

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *March* 22

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there. It's a shame that such things should be — a shame, I'm telling yer.'

The whole taproom indicated its acquiescence in this view by keeping silence. The landlord lowered both eyelids.

'"Yer know very well," I said, "I'll not see that hussy again." And I told them an' all, I says, "And you're not to go neither, Aggie, nor you, Annie." But what's t'use? This morning they walked out of t'house as bold as brass and with presents for 'er under their arms. Could I let my own daughters go alone and unprotected into that house? I puts on me bonnet an' coat an' runs after them. Under protest I went. When I was there I thought 'er meat would stick in my mouth. It's a shame; and if you, Samuel Botley, was half a man you'd be 'shamed o' working for 'im that married 'er and led 'er into wrong.'

Sam awoke with a start, and the pewter pot dropped from his hand. Fortunately there was nothing in it. He was aware that Mrs. Swift had been talking for the last few minutes, but he had heard it all before. The mention of his name, however, was different. He considered what she had said for a minute. It was an insult to him, so it was.

'An' what about yousen?' he asked, suddenly. 'Aye, what about yousen? I works for my keep and tak's no notice o' religion an' all this kelterment about Catholics and Methodists. But you that rants on about 'im and 'is folk as though you was addressin' a meetin' gans up there every year an' eats and sups wi' em, just because it's 'er birthday. Every twelvemonth you bin sin' your daughter were wed — an' a deal oftener if t' truth were known. An' then comes back an' says, "Never again!"'

There was silence in the taproom. Everyone looked in consternation at Sam, and then at Mrs. Swift to see how she would take it. Sam looked more ashamed of himself than ever after having made a speech of such unprecedented length. He attempted to reënforce his position by reiterating 'Never again!' with as much scorn as he could muster, and then employed his eyes in studying the fallen pewter.

Mrs. Swift roused herself and began to walk toward the door. All eyes followed her as her feet planted themselves rather unfirmly upon the sawdust. The men who were leaning up against the counter, drinking, set down their glasses and turned toward her, gaping. Sam at last left his pewter pot and took a step forward as though he would follow her. The landlord stopped rinsing his glasses and watched her. He even forgot to lower his left eyelid.

She took no notice of any of them. She gathered up her skirts with great dignity and continued her progress in the same slightly uneven way. As she reached the open door her lips curled down a little and compressed themselves together as though she were ashamed of having any lips. She touched her hat on the top to make sure that it was straight. She disappeared.

As though her disappearance removed a spell from them, all those in the taproom suddenly made for the door. They strained their eyes after her, into the tangle of darkness and dimness through which she was making her way across the street. When she was halfway across they heard a voice accost her.

'You seen 'er, Mrs. Swift?' it inquired. Mrs. Swift looked down at the owner of the voice, and the men who were listening in the doorway shoved poor Sam Botley out into the cold night, so eager were they to hear.

'Yes,' she said, and slowly shook her head. 'But never again!'

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ATMOSPHERE[1]

BY E. A. SIMSON

WHAT is more annoying than when traveling in England to be pitched out unexpectedly at a wayside station and told that there is half an hour to wait before getting a connection to where you want to go? You deposit your belongings in a corner, examine time-tables, read notices, stand first on one leg, then on the other, and it seems as though nothing would ever come to take you away from that forgotten outpost of humanity. If there is a clock visible, it acts as a magnet to your eyes, and you begin to think that the large hand must mark weeks instead of minutes, and the hour hand years, and by the time the seemingly endless half-hour has come to an end you feel that you are an outcast in an unfriendly world, deserted by all your friends, and you remain depressed for hours and hours afterward.

Such is the havoc created by half an hour's suspense; it seems only just endurable. And yet how invariably do we underestimate our powers of endurance! I was once held up at a wayside station for a whole month, in the middle of a six weeks' journey; and yet I did not go mad, or even take to drink. That also was just endurable — but one more day would have been more than I could bear.

The place was Kigoma. It is in the country which, as German East Africa, was once a full-blooded member of William's empire, and is now one of those hybrid concerns called Mandated Territories. I was on my way to Rhodesia. My route was by sea to Dares-Salaam, rail to Kigoma, and down Lake Tanganyika to Abercorn. This, I had been told, is the quickest way. No doubt it is if you happen to arrive at Kigoma the day the boat leaves. I arrived the day after it left, and as it goes only once a month I had thirty days to wait.

A time exposure of thirty days was more than sufficient to photograph Kigoma indelibly on my mind. I can see it at this moment — the red earth of the road, the blazing of the tropical sun in the lifeless, stagnant air, the sleepy sound of droning insects. I was not accustomed to the humid enveloping warmth, and felt good for nothing. In any case there was nothing to do. It was too hot to venture out in the daytime, and there was nothing for it but to sit on the verandah of the tin shanty that called itself a hotel and watch the butterflies' aimless passage and the lizards motionless on the hot flagstones in front. I had no companion and nothing to read. The hotel proprietor was an unhealthy-looking Belgian with a native wife. He used to have his first sundowner about midday and continue until he had drunk himself silly. He never offered his company except in the latter state, and then my one anxiety was to avoid it.

Kigoma used to wake up once a week upon the arrival of the weekly train; it remained alive for an hour or two, then sank back into its usual lethargy. Nothing ever happened. It seemed

[1] From the *English Review* (London Conservative monthly), *April*

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beyond the possibility of things that anything ever could happen. I was awakened every morning by the postmaster going down to his office at eight-twenty, and when I heard him come back I knew it was twelve; he was always twenty minutes late going down, and always punctual in returning. A few natives passed up and down the road from time to time carrying water in battered petrol tins, or wicker baskets with bananas or pineapples, on their heads. Every day one of the White Fathers, an old man with bushy eyebrows and a long gray beard, used to pass up the hill in his white robes, with a small naked native boy pushing his bicycle behind. The reverend old man was generally smoking an immense pipe; but now and again he had a book open in his hands, and I saw him bow his head and cross himself as he passed. Then in the evening he would come freewheeling down the hill on his bicycle with his pipe in full blast and the small black boy frantically running behind. That was all the life that I ever beheld from my position on the verandah. On Sundays, by way of variation, the old priest was not seen, but three Sisters, white from their broad sun-hats to the hem of their robes, passed slowly up the hill with downcast eyes, their beautiful immobile features devoid of life.

Interminable hours I spent on that verandah! I wrote letters to all my friends — even those I had known long since and long forgotten; they must have been very surprised to hear from me. The sun used to set soon after six, and at about five it was cool enough to go out for a walk. I knew all the native tracks about Kigoma, and learned to answer '*Yambo*' to the salutations of the natives as I passed.

My favorite walk was to go up the rough stony track which wound its way over the hill behind the bay. At the top was a stone still warm with the heat of the sun, and I often used to sit there and watch the sunset over the lake. Oh, it was pretty, Kigoma. I will give it that. If only I had not seen so much of it I should say that it was the most beautiful place in the world. The sun was dipping over the Congo as I watched; the vast lake was like a pool of sparkling sapphires, and the hills beyond, more than a hundred miles away, became violet, then mauve, as the sun dipped out of sight. To right and left, the lake stretched to the horizon and beyond, and the sapphire turned to a deeper, more sombre blue as each minute passed. The hill on which I sat was not high, and yet I seemed to be looking down on the whole world, with that prodigious fantastic lake at my feet, and the rolling plain behind, immense green waves stretching to the distant hills. It was typical of Africa. The spaciousness of eternity; the tranquillity of nature; and, underlying it all, the hint of death.

It certainly made me think of the littleness of mankind and the vanity of human wishes. I was sitting with my body bent forward, drawing hieroglyphics on the ground with the end of my stick, and my mind was absorbed in some vague gloomy reflections about eternity, when I was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a deep voice: —

'*Vous avez bien l'air de vous ennuyer.*'

I looked up, and there, planted in front of me, was the old priest who used to pass up and down the road in front of my verandah. His pipe was in his hand, and he seemed to grow out of an enormous pair of black boots, like some grotesque white plant out of a pot. I looked bored, did I? Well, I was bored, and told him so.

'It's like death here,' I said. 'Nothing happens — nothing ever happens.'

'Monsieur has been here how long?' he asked gravely.

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'Three interminable weeks.'

'Ah!'

He paused and sucked at his pipe for an instant. It was then I noticed his hands: they were delicate hands that had been put to workmen's tasks. Hard, strong hands, a tanned weather-beaten skin, and deep, penetrating gray eyes. Here was no academic priest, but a sturdy worker after the Lord. He regarded me in a contemplative fashion.

'I have been here longer than Monsieur,' he said at length. 'I have seen the sun set over Tanganyika every day for twenty-seven years.'

I made some rapid exclamation, and was about to ask how he had retained his sanity; but I checked myself. In the meantime, with a brief 'Monsieur permits,' he sat down beside me. The sun was gone, and he took off his white helmet, revealing a mass of iron-gray hair; he then produced a colored handkerchief from the folds of his robe, and proceeded to mop his forehead and the back of his neck.

'If Monsieur finds it dull,' he said, 'it is because he is accustomed to the distracting activity of what we call civilized countries. He has not developed his contemplative powers. Monsieur is accustomed to see the appearance of events, the appearance of life, the appearance of human struggle. You see all these things on the surface, and you guess what is going on underneath. But here it is different. Nothing is visible on the surface — everything is underneath. Ah, you should look deeper, my friend, that is what you must do. In Europe your meat is on the table, all cooked and ready and appetizing; but here, if you want meat, you must take down your gun and go and seek it. And that is far the better way — yes, Monsieur, far the better way. Nothing happens in Kigoma, you say. Look, Monsieur, at that great plain. What do you see? Nothing but grass waving in the breeze, a few shrubs, and a mango tree; and you say nothing is happening, because you see nothing. But underneath it is teeming with life, teeming with activity; there is an incessant, merciless struggle underneath — life and death, unseen, unceasing.'

I was about to interrupt with some question, but he waved me aside and continued.

'And it is the same with the human beings here as it is with the beasts. You see nothing, and you think they are all asleep. But underneath! Listen, Monsieur, and I will tell you a tale about Kigoma.'

I watched him produce some coarse tobacco from an unecclesiastical pocket beneath his robe. He then knocked the ash from his pipe on the stone on which we sat, and proceeded to refill it, ramming the tobacco home with his little finger. This occupied him for several minutes, during which he appeared to forget about me. He did everything with the same air of composure and without haste. Twenty-seven years in Africa had taught him not to hurry.

'Yes, Monsieur,' he proceeded, when his pipe was well lit, 'I could tell many tales about Kigoma, but this one will show what deep thoughts, what strange happenings, there are in this endless silence. It is like that thunderstorm yonder — lightning flashing, but do you hear a sound? No, Monsieur, this country buries sound; you may cry your distress, but your cry is swallowed up in the silence, and no one shall hear you but God. Perhaps you have observed Abbas bin Salim, the Arab, the chief merchant of Kigoma. That is his house there, down below us, with the white walls. But you have seen him — *un petit gros* — with his white abba and a linen turban?'

He made a gesture denoting rotund-

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ness with his hands. I nodded. I knew the man by sight, and had wondered who he was. A man of substance, I had guessed, and an evil-looking person too. He was fat, most unpleasantly fat; his stomach jutted out like a ledge beneath his linen robe, and he waddled about the native street, his wary eyes shifting this way and that, and his stained teeth showing over a wet projecting underlip.

'Ah, no doubt you have wondered what brought him here among these dull natives. I will tell you. Have you perhaps heard of the great Bin Salim? No! Ah, that was generations ago when the Sultan ruled at Zanzibar — ruled, I say. The Bin Salim then was the renowned slave-dealer at Tabora, which, as you know, was the slave-market of the world. He was rich, the old villain, and powerful; his Arab followers scoured the country, killing those who could fight and enslaving those who had no heart to resist. Those were the days of the family of Bin Salim. Then the slave trade was gradually repressed, and the Bin Salim fell on evil days. This portly gentleman is the grandson of the old evildoer. He lives there among the children of the murdered and betrayed men and women, and he trades with them in hides and ivory; and he cheats them; he would no doubt murder and enslave them if he could, but as he is prevented he contents himself by cheating them in his commerce.'

'These blacks must have short memories,' I observed, 'or else they must be most long-suffering folk.'

'Yes, they are like that. Stupid like cattle. Just like that, except, perhaps, one in a thousand. And it is that one in a thousand that makes my story. Have you seen the bullfight, Monsieur? No. Ah, I came from Bayonne when I was a young man. I used to go. The bulls and the natives are the same — force without judgment. But you know how it is that the bull attacks the red cloak, and the science of the bullfight is built upon that knowledge; yes, the matador knows that, and he can play the bull as he will. But once in his life that matador meets a bull that attacks, not the red cloak, but the man, and then it is the matador who is laid low on the sand. One bull in a thousand, Monsieur, just like these natives.'

This allusion to the bullfight seemed to make him ponder over his young days at Bayonne, and he remained for some moments gazing abstractedly at the red earth between his feet. Then he went on.

'Such is the last of the Bin Salims, a respectable citizen dealing in ivory and hides. At least so it would appear. But hides are a poor substitute for human flesh, and the lust is in the blood — look at his bent nose and those watchful eyes, Monsieur; it is a bird of prey in captivity. But even in captivity, perhaps, a sparrow will venture too near — and then — a whirl of feathers! Bin Salim is still a slave-dealer. I do not say he is at this moment; it grows more hazardous every day — though even now you would be surprised to hear how many slaves are smuggled to Arabia each year in peaceful trading dhows; yes, Monsieur, you would indeed be surprised. Perhaps Bin Salim still works his trade, perhaps not; but a few years ago I know he did. His agents would go into far districts for ivory, and every time they bought ivory a few natives would disappear. How they brought them to the coast — who knows? After centuries of the trade there are means and methods that we do not guess; all we knew was that the men were gone, and that Bin Salim had gold in his strong box that was not the price of ivory. Evidence against him, Monsieur? Is there evidence against the fox? Ah, no, he is no fool, our crafty Arab; he is cunning. And

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what can the ponderous machinery of government do against such a man in such a country. And yet he was caught — not by the Government, for example. He was caught in such a way that even he himself does not know how he was trapped.

'And it was all because he made a mistake in his youth. How often do the errors of our youth come back to roost in our old age — but not quite like this! Bin Salim was active as a young man, strong and active he was, though you would not think so to see him now with that stomach. He was active, and he looked after his slave-dealing himself in every detail; it was he who led the gang of robbers and picked out the men for slaves. He used to examine them himself when they were bound and trussed up; and he would feel their flesh, just as a good housewife chooses the best meat. So he got good prices.

'They took no risks, these Arabs. They knew which tribes could fight, and which, like sheep, were stupid and defenseless and useful; and it was these sheeplike ones that they took to be slaves. But one day when they were raiding one of these villages it happened that the young chief of a fighting tribe was there among the weaklings. He fought for his liberty, but they captured him and tied him up, and Bin Salim had him sent off with the rest — a chief's son with all these men of no account. Then Bin Salim returned home to Tabora, — he lived at Tabora then, — and he bought himself a new young wife with the gold he received for his slaves.

'Monsieur would think, perhaps, that the chief then came with all his armed men to obtain revenge. But that is not the way things happen in this country. The old chief did not come. Perhaps he knew, perhaps not. But nothing happened. Bin Salim stayed at home with his new wife, grew fat, and begat children. Twenty years passed, and, if Bin Salim still remembered the incident, it would just suffice to draw a chuckle from his thick lips, and then his mind would pass on to other, immediate thoughts. In twenty years he had grown fat, — just as you see him now, — and his two sons, all that lived from a family of ten, they had grown up. They went out to the villages on their business just as their father used to do; but they were weaklings, as the sons of rich men are; they just looked on and took the gold, while the work was done by a paid and trusted underling. Thus their life went on.

'But one day his two sons did not return from one of their journeys. They never returned. In the register of deaths — yes, Monsieur, we are civilized enough to have a register of deaths — they are inscribed as having been killed by lions. Why, I do not know. It was Bin Salim himself who made the report — perhaps because he did not desire too much inquiry. But they were not killed by lions. Months afterward Bin Salim himself saw them alive, but he did not recognize them; and the register of deaths still says that a lion has killed them.'

The old man broke off to deal with some obstruction in his pipe. When that was arranged to his satisfaction he proceeded.

'Lions are unjustly blamed for many things in Africa,' he said complacently. 'And this was one of them. Perhaps you have forgotten the young chief who was enslaved, just as old Salim forgot him. But after twenty years that man escaped and came back, and he did not forget. No, Monsieur, I assure you that he did not forget. He returned to his own village, to his own people, and there he waited. He knew he would not have to wait long. He took no heed of old Salim, for what revenge was there in robbing an old man of the few

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ha'pence of his remaining years? No, he looked to Salim's two sons to give him his revenge, for they were in the rich golden hours of youth. Thus, when the two boys next came to the district to buy ivory, their camp was raided and they were taken away. It was done so neatly and quietly that no one knew what had happened; Salim's two sons had disappeared, that was all; and the paid and trusted underling went back in trembling to tell their father.

'In the meantime the two boys found themselves before this grim chieftain, who had left his youth in far-away Arabia. He explained his interest in them, telling them in his slow, methodical manner what had happened to him when he was a young man. Then they realized. And I am told they fell down on the ground screaming. Nor is it surprising if they screamed. These natives are abominably thorough in their unpleasantness; and they knew what to expect — everything, that is, except mercy. Monsieur has heard how they make the red ant their executioner. The victim is tied up, and a trail of honey is led toward him; then he is left, and it is not long before he sees the ants come toward him like a seething stream of blood. They eat him alive, Monsieur — literally eat him alive. . . .

'Perhaps the two boys had that death in their minds when they screamed. But the chief had devised something different, something more suitable to his own particular needs. First he had their tongues slit up, so that they could no longer make an intelligible sound. And then they got to work. They tattooed them. But what a tattooing it was! The needle with the black dye must have pricked them over a million times; day after day they did a little more, until they had tattooed them from head to foot. Yes, Monsieur, they were black when it was done — as black as the natives themselves. Then just a finishing touch was required, — the facial disfigurement that these tribes affect, — and then they were ready to be sold as slaves. For that is what happened. The chief arranged that the two youths should fall into the hands of Salim's men; it was easy enough, but the price was poor, for old Salim paid little for such weaklings. But that is not quite all. Before they were smuggled away to the coast, Salim himself inspected them, together with a bunch of others; and when they burbled at him with their slit tongues, he just spat into their black faces, and thus sent them to captivity.'

His pipe just lasted the length of his story. He stood up, knocked out the ashes, and stowed the blackened bowl in some mysterious hiding-place within his robes. Then he turned to me with a grave face, and a quaint gleam of amusement in his calm eyes.

'If Monsieur finds Kigoma dull,' he said, 'it is Monsieur's own fault. The fault of his contemplative powers. There are immense possibilities everywhere — even here. What I have narrated is an instance of what might happen in Kigoma. But, mind, I don't say it did!'

I looked up in astonishment at this, but he had already turned away and was proceeding down the hill, with his head bowed devoutly over the little book that lay open on his hands. He continued in this attitude until he passed out of my sight at the bottom of the hill; and I don't know to this day whether he was pulling my leg about old Salim or whether it was true.

At all events, it had passed an hour away. And, as he said, it was the sort of thing that might happen in Kigoma — even if it did n't.

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THE FRENCH CHILD AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL[1]

BY CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

ONE day in England I heard a Frenchwoman lecture on the subject of children in French literature. She devoted most of her time to explaining that so far as the great proportion of French literature is concerned the child might as well not exist. Her lecture reminded one of the famous chapter on 'Snakes in Ireland' which our former Ambassador in Paris, Lord Dufferin, used to quote and which consisted of a single sentence: 'There are no snakes in Ireland.' This is a rather surprising statement, and yet one has only to compare the ordinary English novel with the ordinary French novel to see that it is perfectly true. And what is true of the ordinary novel is true of French literature in general. The English novel almost always comes to an end amid the ringing of wedding bells. The French novel begins with what follows. The English novel, with of course a great many exceptions, takes adolescence as its centre. Its heroine is the miss of eighteen years with a future before her. The French novel deals with the experiences of people who are neither young nor old. Its heroine is the mature woman of twenty-eight years or more. She has a future perhaps, but she is more likely to have a past. The dominant note of the one school is adventure; of the other, experience. Faithful to the national pragmatism, the English novel is a mixture of those two characteristics of youth, love of action and love of dreaming. The result is an amalgam, which is sometimes a little insipid, of sensation and sentimentality, to which a more or less obvious moral is added, without becoming an integral part of it. The French novel, on the other hand, is a mixture of the more mature qualities of sentiment and thought, and the moral is not a detachable appendix but the story itself. Perhaps one could sum up the difference by saying that the English novel is living and the French novel lived. The one shows the romantic side of life, the other its realistic side.

In such an environment of grown-ups there is scarcely any place for the child. And in fact the child has not been studied in France either by the professional psychologist or by the novelist — who is really a master of applied psychology — to the same degree as in England. The truth is that, in spite of Rousseau, who revealed childhood to Europe, the child is a discovery of rather recent date in France. Probably Victor Hugo did more than many others to call the Frenchman's attention to the existence of the child. My French lecturer no doubt exaggerated the situation. The opposite of what she said could be proved simply by mentioning Alphonse Daudet, with *Le Petit Chose*, George Sand, with *La Petite Fadette*, Anatole France, and Pierre Loti; while among those who have written, not only about children, but also for children, one can name Jules Verne, Alexandre Dumas, Desnoyers, Lichtenberger, and others.

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *April* 17

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But in France, as M. Floris Delattre has remarked, by and large there are no books for children of the Molesworth or Kipling type, and aside from a few poems of childhood there is practically nothing in the nondidactic vein of Stevenson.

There are, to be sure, a certain number of edifying books, both prose and poetry, of the type that was familiar in England about fifty years ago, such as *Sandford and Merton* and *The Fairchild Family*, in which the reader is anointed with morality as with a kind of oil — a thing that terrifies every self-respecting child. And not without reason; fables one can love, but not those which pretend to take for their motto, *De te fabula narratur*, and which, in spite of himself, make the young reader the principal villain of the melodrama.

The chief reason, we may suppose, why the child as a child has not yet received his due from French writers is that in France there is ordinarily no nursery. French mothers in general would as soon think of relegating their children to a hencoop as of putting them in such an annex of the apartment. Their great fault, if it is a fault, is to keep their children too much under their wing. As a result there is no room set aside for the child in which he may live his own life along with young companions. And when there are no companions, when, as so often happens, the child is an only child, his chances of living his own life are still more reduced. The relations that grow up between parents and children make it impossible for the children to acquire that sort of half-detached attitude which the English child takes willingly and which Ruskin has so admirably described. The little Frenchman is thrown from his infancy into the society of grown-ups and takes part in their life and conversation. This is one of the reasons for the extraordinary precocity of the French child and the relative maturity of mind which, at the age of twelve or thirteen, enables him to form as serious opinions as an English boy or girl of sixteen or seventeen years could form.

I recall entering one day a class of children of about twelve or thirteen years. A lesson in morals was being given, and the oral analysis of vices such as jealousy and vanity made by those little logicians was amazingly acute. In short, it is scarcely paradoxical to say that, if Peter Pan is a child who has never grown up, the young Frenchman is a child who has never been young.

The constant association with older persons explains at least in part the absence of simplicity and spontaneity in the French child. He is as roguish and attractive as possible, but he never forgets his own person. Even when he says stupid things he keeps his feeling for nuances; the atmosphere of reason and of 'good sense' in which he lives seems prematurely to oxidate his imagination with a sort of logical sediment. The naïveté of the child of Northern countries — Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany — offers a perfect contrast to the equally artless but self-conscious wiles of the little Frenchman. The considerable gap that separates these two fundamental types, the Latin and the Northern civilization, cannot be better illustrated than by the difference between a French fairy tale and a story of Hans Andersen. It is, in a sense, the same difference as between nature and art, or rather between the nations that give the primacy to art and those that give the primacy to nature.

The two types of child, the French and the English, possess, each in his way, an equal charm; but the French child's artificiality (in the good sense of the word) is, I am convinced, a con-

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scious reflection of his social environment. In his case the 'shades of the prison house,' of which Wordsworth speaks, begin to close in particularly early. In fact, the English child is granted a very much greater liberty. To explain my point let me quote a remark of Bishop Creighton. Asked one day to explain the difference between Oxford students and Cambridge students, he answered: 'Oxford men behave as if the world belonged to them, and Cambridge men behave as if there were no world to belong to.' Now the English child is allowed to behave as if no world would make demands on him later. He is allowed to do as he pleases, to enjoy his childhood and not to bother himself about his future. The French child, on the other hand, is brought up, not only as a part of the world, but as if the world belonged to him — or at least that part of the world called France, which in his eyes is the finest section of the planet.

At bottom the difference is part of the essential difference that separates French civilization from English. The one is eminently urban and social, the other rural and individualistic. Of course, it cannot be said that English education is devoid of all social and French education of all individualistic elements. It is a matter of degree. In French education — using the word to cover the whole bringing-up of the child — the dominant idea is that the child is not an independent individual, but primarily a member of a great community called France, and also a member of a unit in that community called the family — a unit with bonds and obligations incomparably more restrictive than those of the English family.

French education, then, in the larger sense of the word, is essentially a social education. It follows that a great part of that education is given outside the school. It is probable that in no civilized country is the school burdened with so small a part of the task, at least within the limits of the middle classes. In this connection the simple fact that the Board of Education in England corresponds to the Ministry of Public Instruction in France is characteristic. I am always particularly eager to establish this fundamental fact, in order that my fellow countrymen may not fall into the error that a great many foreign observers make — of looking in the French school for instruction in matters that are taught elsewhere. The French school must not be condemned because it does not succeed in teaching what as a matter of fact it does not pretend to teach. The example of English schools serves only to mislead, for in the middle classes a great number of families are only too willing to resign the whole surveillance of the child to the master or the mistress of the school. The English educator finds himself charged with the task of being practically a father. In the middle classes in France, except where the child is sent to a religious boarding school, the father is not on the lookout for a substitute. The mother, too, regards herself as capable of accomplishing what she considers one of the principal duties of her position. In a primary school, however, the teacher assumes the paternal rôle to a certain degree; and in the country he often takes the former position of the curé, and becomes to some extent the lay guide of his flock.

It follows from the statements I made above that in secondary public education the French teacher has a comparatively narrow idea of his duties — at least in the English sense. Not regarding himself *in loco parentis*, he assumes that the pupil is entrusted to him for certain very definite ob-

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jects: as a teacher, he is there to transmit to his pupil the artistic and intellectual heritage of France. The sincerity with which he discharges himself of his task, the intellectual honesty with which he conducts his whole work, make up the moral atmosphere of the school, both *collège* and *lycée*. Efforts have been made, to be sure, to give distinctly moral instruction among the lower classes; but the pupil reaches the stage intended for doctrinal teaching only when, having passed the first part of his examination, he takes a philosophy course that constitutes a series of intellectual lessons on private and civic conduct. The baccalaureate has many times been attacked in France; but all examinations have their special vices, even in England. It would be, in my humble opinion, almost a disaster to abolish the second part of the baccalaureate; such as it is, it constitutes a serious study of the map of life for those who are old enough to profit by such a lay catechism.

Of course, in the primary school moral instruction is an essential element, but for the secondary teacher the manners and morals of his pupils, except within the walls of the college, do not concern him directly. If he saw two of his boys pummeling each other beautifully in the street he would probably not consider it his business to intervene.

If my analysis has been sound, it can be said that the English school, with the emphasis it puts upon character, tries to make the pupil the 'captain' of his soul; the French school, with the importance it attaches to the æsthetic and the intellectual values, tries rather to make him the artist of his soul. This does not mean that all English pupils are ignoramuses or Philistines, and still less that all French pupils are necessarily devoid of all morality.

Let me explain my meaning more precisely. Setting aside physical culture, education may be regarded under three different aspects — intellectual, æsthetic, and moral. Then one could say of the French school that the intellectual and æsthetic elements come together to the pot, while the moral element is a bad third. In the English school, on the contrary, it is the education of character that takes the first place; intellectual education comes second, and the æsthetic element, especially in boys' schools, lags far behind.

This distinction between the primacy accorded to the education of character by the English and the primacy accorded to the education of intelligence and æsthetic sense by the French goes very deep. Let me take for comparison the commonest possible example, the words that an English mother and a French mother respectively use to correct their children. What does the English mother say in such a situation? She says, 'Be good.' What does this 'Be good' mean? Surely it means, 'Be good because you can be.' It presupposes, in fact, that, having good intentions, the child can be good. In a slightly different form it is only the old categorical imperative of Kant, who said, 'You must be good because you can be.' It is an appeal purely and simply to the child's will.

Let us now take the appeal of the French mother. Does she say to her child, 'Be good'? Not at all; she says, 'Be wise, be reasonable' (*Sois sage, sois raisonnable*), an expression which she uses without any feeling for its original meaning, but which is really an appeal to the intelligence of the child to act according to the light of reason — an appeal which at bottom is only the fundamental theory of Socrates, who said that one has only to see the truth in order to follow it. And if that does not succeed with the child, what does

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she say then? 'You are not doing a very nice thing' — a discreet appeal to the child's æsthetic sense. If this has no effect, there remains a supreme appeal which, for my part, I find infinitely touching. She says to the child, 'You are hurting your mother's feelings' — an appeal to the deepest reason of all, the reason of the heart.

Let me dwell a little on this cult of reason which, for more than two hundred years, has impregnated almost all French literature and has passed into the daily vocabulary so completely as to be part of the childish speech. According to Nisard, the great literature of the seventeenth century, with the exception of Molière, is entirely Cartesian. The eighteenth century was above all the age of reason. The French Revolution was a revolt and a triumph of reason against the control of authority, and since then reason has never ceased to mould all books, all social relations, even all conversation. But this infiltration of reason into all the nooks and corners of national life often does injury to the French in the eyes of foreign nations. These expressions, *sage*, *raisonnable*, and so on, translated more or less literally into a foreign language, are necessarily colored by the dry and abstract sense which their equivalents have, derived as they often are from Latin. They lose that precious contact with daily life which they enjoy in France. Translated, they become, so to speak, devitalized. It is not surprising, then, if foreign critics impute to French ideas the dryness that is the principal attribute of their so-called equivalents in foreign languages. The most striking example is perhaps the French method of teaching morals, which, on this ground, is often unjustly criticized abroad. Now it can be praised or condemned for quite different reasons, but it cannot be accused of being abstract or impractical, for, as its ill-informed critics do not realize, its vocabulary is essentially that of daily life.

But the evil goes further. One begins by condemning the dryness of misunderstood ideas, and then, on the same ground, blames those who put them forth. So a whole nation is condemned for faults that owe their existence only to mistakes made by a translator. The truth is exactly the opposite. Far from devitalizing the national life, these ideas of reason are constantly revivified in daily use. They attract to themselves all the vitality that in the Middle Ages was acquired by the theological terms of dogmas that were whole-heartedly believed in. They are no longer purely logical, but logical with components of emotion. They assume a moral and even pragmatic coloration.

A rapid examination of French schools shows how recent is the idea of considering the child as a child and not as an homunculus, and this even in the primary schools, which are most open to progress. It is true that as early as 1590 Montaigne wrote: 'Children's games are not merely games, but must be judged as their most serious actions.' Yet France had to wait until 1887 before M. Gréard instituted the first kindergarten in France that realized Montaigne's idea. Even then it often happened that the work was too ambitious. An effort was made to teach subjects as definite as history. Mme. Kergomard tells an amusing anecdote. A school-teacher was trying to give an historical sketch of Jeanne d'Arc to some children about four or five years old. Beginning with Jeanne as a shepherdess, she outlined her whole career from the siege of Orléans to the stake at Rouen. When she had finished the children did not seem to be satisfied. She put some questions to them, and one of them asked: 'What became of

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the sheep when Jeanne left them?' It was the only point that these children, who were country children, had understood. In the private schools and the preparatory classes of the *lycée*, instruction is still carried on more or less formally — in a clear and logical manner, no doubt, but in the light of English and American experiences it may be said that if such instruction succeeds it is probably at the expense of sense impressions and of the development of qualities other than literary ones.

It is when one comes to the upper levels that one finds so much to praise in the French school. To analyze it completely would take a whole volume. Here is a summary of what may be considered its essential objects: —

1. The child is taught to express his ideas with clearness and with respect for his mother tongue. Accent, intonation, expression, are equally cultivated. The French know that the spoken word alone can, by its beauty and rhythm, evoke the images, sentiments, and thoughts contained in the written word.

2. Children are taught to admire poems and stories as works of art and to consider them as totalities. Details are studied carefully and obscurities are explained, but the part is always subordinated to the whole. The English are too much inclined to confine themselves to details, whether in discussing poetry, music, a picture, or Parisian costumes, and to praise or blame accordingly. To the French taste no detail seems beautiful if it does not harmonize with the whole. The Frenchman is concerned with the whole, the Englishman with the part, the nuance, the detail. French criticism is inclined to consider the positive side, the Englishman the negative side. The difference can be explained in a couplet that reads as follows: —

> The French rather see things in wholes;
> The English rather see holes in things.

3. French children are taught to love their language and their literature, to see in them the most perfect forms and the finest expression of their national ideal. In that way their national pride is nourished.

4. This national pride is not the pride of a man who owns a famous picture simply because he is its possessor, but the feeling that their country is a part of themselves. They are proud of France, and they want France to be proud of them. When the hour of mobilization struck all the men and women of France rallied to the support of their endangered country with the feeling that their personal pride and honor were as much at stake as the pride and honor of the nation. The Englishman, if I am not mistaken, when he undertakes to defend his country, is moved by a sort of intimate obligation, of instinctive duty — another example of the categorical imperative. The Frenchman has the feeling that he is fighting for the whole of which he is an integral part and not merely a cipher or a cog.

5. The precious thing about French education is the sense of the whole in which the part is not lost. It is indeed the paradox that Christianity always tries to resolve — the unity of the spiritual community and the infinite value of the human soul. Perhaps it is not for nothing that the king of France was called in the Middle Ages 'His Most Christian Majesty.'

In short, to speak clearly, to think straight, to love what is beautiful, to respect above all the beauty of the French language, to be proud of France, to have a sense of proportion, of what is becoming, of what constitutes the unity and the infinite variety of things, to cultivate a spirit of logic tempered by æsthetics and

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emotion, to rise to a cult of humanity that goes beyond the limits of any particular creed — that is the purpose of French education, that is the atmosphere with which it succeeds, from the first days of school, in surrounding the child. Of the shortcomings of this kind of education I need not speak at length here. I need merely to point out its too exclusively literary character, the indifference it sometimes shows to facts, and in consequence its lack of precision, its tendency to be content with superficial impressions, its sometimes exaggerated taste for tradition which results, not exactly in an embargo on new ideas, but in a discrediting of new forms as they try to express themselves. It is in fact a summary of the mentality of a man at the age of thirty.

Perhaps if the nation could double the number of its children it would be in a position to bring back into the speech and the life of the country that Celtic sense of mystery and naïve wonder, that adventurous taste for the unknown, that faculty of looking at the world with virgin eyes and not with eyes that reflect tradition, which are the normal birthright of every child. And the presence of two or three children at least in a family is necessary to create the atmosphere of spontaneity in which the spirit of the future can best be developed and realize the diverse forms of its ideal.

LORD CURZON: THE ORATOR AND THE MAN[1]

BY DESMOND CHAPMAN-HUSTON

Lord Curzon, from his earliest days, was a man who aroused interest and curiosity. Men might like or dislike him, — and it was quite possible for the same person to do both, — but they could not leave him alone. As a result, much has been written about him without somehow giving any feeling of certitude that we really know the man. He was difficult to understand, perhaps even impossible, and yet, in some respects, quite easy. Milton says that 'nothing profits more than self-esteem founded on just and right,' and throughout his career Lord Curzon possessed and displayed that frank recognition of his own worth which never goes with a servile mind or inferior breeding. Contrary to the vulgar belief, he was neither conceited nor self-satisfied; it was merely that he possessed in an unusual degree self-knowledge and self-respect, and of this combination the man in the street is always a little suspicious — vagueness and illusion being ever instinctively at war with clarity and realism. Curzon (he's great enough for us to drop the prefixes which he sought so assiduously and wore with such magnificence) knew he was remarkably able; he liked high places, — the higher the better, — and it seemed to him quite natural, the average of his contemporaries being but mediocre,

[1] From the *New Criterion* (London literary quarterly), *April*

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that they should without hesitation — and almost without exception — give place to him. Sometimes, having a great deal of human nature, if not a great deal of ability, they did hesitate, and then there was trouble. Then Curzon was baroque, and, almost to the very end of his career, baroque was disliked both by the cultivated and by the crowd. An example of his sympathy with literary rococo was a great and quite undeserved admiration for a poem like Tennyson's 'Blow, Bugle, Blow!' He should have been born a hundred years earlier or thirty years later, because baroque is once more coming into fashion! He was the great nobleman of the eighteenth century to his finger tips, and greatness, in the decorative and spectacular sense, is disliked by modern democracies. The crowd always has and always will distrust anything that does not conform to its own drab standards.

Curzon's inherent feeling of responsibility had deep and rich foundations, as history will one day show; men were overready — they always are — to be annoyed and irritated by its outward manifestations, without pausing to consider its deeper consequences. Its greatest result was that, literally from cradle to coffin, it never permitted its possessor to offer anything less than his very best. Is that a little thing in these pinchbeck days? His will, an historic document of the first importance, will remain for all time to prove the truth of this submission.

I first came to know Curzon well when spending Christmas in the same country house in 1910. We had a great subject in common — India. My warm admiration for such servants of the Indian Empire as Lord Dufferin, Lord Lansdowne, and Sir Mortimer Durand aroused his interest and touched, as it happened, the matter that was nearest to his heart. There was also our common enthusiasm for the gracious lady known as John Oliver Hobbes. Speaking with the highest admiration of her personality as known to the world, and of her published writings, Curzon said she was one of those rare natures that reserve their very best for their friends. He told of treasuring a large correspondence which they had kept up for many years, and said that, although most of the letters were too personal and too frank for publication, they were in many respects superior to anything she had written. Yet I think it was my enthusiasm for the great viceroys who preceded him that really won his approval. Nor did he hide under a cloak of mock modesty his view that, when the records came to be set forth, his own name and work in India would stand as high as any, not even perhaps excluding Warren Hastings and Dalhousie, for both of whom he had the greatest admiration. I was in no wise fatigued by a certitude which others might have found a little cocksure.

When I enlarged on my sense of the distinguished position Lord Dufferin, in a very crowded career, found time to achieve as a writer and an orator, he made it plain that even there he felt himself no whit behind. Yet I think on this point he was perhaps a little wrong. Dufferin had an Irish heart, a quiet human sympathy, and an ardent nature that gave his eloquence a warmth and an appeal that was, as a rule, beyond Curzon's reach. Not on strictly classical lines the fine orator that Curzon was, Dufferin could make a greater popular appeal; what Curzon once described as 'Dufferin's courtly charm' was as irresistible in public as it was in private.

This meeting in due course led to my undertaking to collect and edit a volume of Curzon's speeches. I worked at it intermittently in the early part of

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1914; it was, save for the introduction by Lord Cromer and my own editorial preface, ready for the press when the war broke out in August, and I speedily forgot all about it; but, as we shall see, Curzon did not.

The volume was entitled *Subjects of the Day*, and my idea was, excluding all mere Party speeches, to compile a volume that would exhibit something of the sweep of the orator's intellect, the breadth and amplitude of his interests, the fineness and versatility of his mind. Apart from one on Home Rule and one delivered in the House of Lords on the Finance Bill of 1909, the only speeches that might have been labeled political were the remarkable one on Lord Rosebery's motion for the reform of the House of Lords, and four on Woman Suffrage, in which he said in a manner that was final all that could be said against the proposal — I have no doubt that later, when he came to change his mind on the subject, he could have made equally fine speeches in its defense. He was unusually capable of seeing clearly both sides of a question, but he knew that to permit himself to be unnerved by doing so was to undermine his value as a practical statesman, and he was not going to be guilty of a weakness for which he could never find it in his heart to forgive George Wyndham or Lord Balfour.

It has often been said that to wade through a volume of old speeches is the most dismal of entertainments. That, as a rule, is quite true, yet I think it is not so where Curzon is the author, be- se the marked superiority of form in ches gives them a claim to per- rest; indeed, he was never speech that was im- slovenly. Nor did subject without tely mastered it. ic principle of his it be said again that

he never gave to his contemporaries or the Empire, either in private or in public, anything less than his best. Others might do so; Curzon could not. It was this inflexible determination to live up to his own high standard, to his own ideal of himself, that gave him an appearance of hardness, harshness, and superiority which undeservedly won the jibes of lesser men. Meretricious themselves, they mistook his self-knowledge and self-mastery for self-conceit. If ever anyone literally obeyed the injunction, 'Know thyself,' it was Curzon; where he may sometimes have failed was in his knowledge of other men. Fully alive as he was to his own quality, he never made the fatal error of thinking that talent or even genius can fully discharge its task without effort, and he labored assiduously and unendingly. When he tried men or women and found them wanting, he dropped them. It being often unfair to judge from one action only, he was sometimes wrong; yet any other course was difficult to his practical mind and unbending pride.

Something Renaissance in him loved the glitter of life: the warm radiance of Royal smiles; the high respect due to rulers and viceroys; the magnificence of courts and castles; the dignity and importance of being a great and discerning patron of literature, of learning, and, more especially, of architecture; the discriminating applause of important gatherings of cultivated persons — even the inevitable fatigues and boredoms of perpetual office were such as his soul loved. He knew his fitness for these things; he achieved them, but no man could truthfully say that he did not work hard for them, or that he ever desired the palm without the dust and heat.

The written and spoken word — are not these, after all, the two most potent weapons of civilized man? Curzon cer-

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tainly thought so, and there can be little doubt that from his Oxford days he intended deliberately to qualify for the position of an Elder Statesman, and it is but justice to record that never at any time was he a mere Party politician. Yet the false pride of the small-minded and the second-rate was never his, and he freely admitted that he could never have entered the House of Commons had he not at the beginning of his career received substantial aid from Party funds. If the Party leaders of the day considered that fact as making him amenable, they soon discovered their mistake. However it may have appeared to the uninformed, he never from the beginning to the end of his career subordinated what he conceived to be his duty to any consideration whatsoever; his stalwart integrity was impregnable.

To an ambitious and able young man, but slenderly endowed with this world's goods, writing made an obvious appeal; it could win him, not only a degree of early fame, but some very necessary money. A conservative in the sense that he wished always to see preserved everything good in the past, he was alive to the value of the old tradition that an English statesman should also be a man of letters.

In 1883, at the age of twenty-four, he won the Lothian Essay Prize at Oxford, and in the following year the Arnold Essay Prize. Five years later, before he was thirty, his *Russia in Central Asia* attracted considerable and well-merited attention. It has been described recently by a brilliant writer as a book more admired than read. That may well be true, yet because it was good work it brought its author a lasting reputation, and books not read by the multitude have often a great and permanent value; they are absorbed by and influence those who shape thought and events. Curzon's first book is well worth reading to-day. From his Oxford days to the day of his death he wrote regularly, and in the earlier period of his career made quite a handsome addition to his income from journalism and authorship. During the last years of his life, clouded as they were with great disappointment, unflinchingly borne, and considerable physical pain, he found time to collect and put in more or less good order a mass of valuable material, the bulk of which will certainly one day be published.

His writings are too well known and too easily accessible to require many words here, except perhaps from one particular angle. In *Subjects of the Day* I included three of his articles that attracted considerable attention when published in the *Times*. They were tributes to George Wyndham, Alfred Lyttelton, and Sir William Anson. Although written, they are really eulogies or orations spoken over the bodies of the newly dead. They have a classic restraint, a rich dignity, and a noble eloquence such as few could compass, they have that rarest and most dangerous of all literary qualities — tenderness. These tributes stand at the head of their class. That such appreciations are extremely difficult to write everyone who has tried them knows only too well. Indeed, in literature, they are the supreme examples of —

> Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less, and what worlds away!

In the George Wyndham tribute Curzon may seem to give his subject too high a place; yet, measured by promise, possibility, and capacity, he was right, though practical statesmanship might not seem to justify the estimate.

Those who denied Curzon, as a m and a writer, the possession of sw ness and tenderness must revise judgment if they will ponder tho ing passage from his tribute

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Lyttelton. It not only permanently enriches English literature; it is a mirror in which is revealed with shimmering beauty the very sound and sight and soul of Lyttelton: —

> All will remember his endearing manner, that seemed almost to partake of the nature of a caress, and was equally captivating to age and youth, to high and low, to women and to men. They will see again the sparkle of his merry eyes and hear the shout of his joyous laughter. They will picture once more the virile grace of his figure, loosely knit, but eloquent of sinews and muscles well attuned, his expressive gestures, and swinging gait. They will measure the quality of his mind, moderate and well balanced in its inclinations, emphatic but not censorious in his judgments. They will think on his high and unselfish character, and of his honorable and stainless life; and, as he passes into the land of silence and becomes a shadow among shadows, they will reflect with a lifelong pride that they knew and loved this glorious living thing, while he shed a light as of sunbeams and uttered a note as of the skylark in a world of mystery, half gladness and half tears.

Does it not also reveal clearly the soul of the man who wrote it? Here is no frigid, conceited public orator uttering a formal oration over a political colleague. The cry is from the soul, and the passage is drenched with the personal emotion of a quick brain and warm heart suffering from the intolerable pain of recent loss.

Subjects of the Day included four of Curzon's most important speeches on the Empire, and gave some idea of his knowledge and services. It is now doubly sad to reflect that the first and most interesting, because most personal, of these was that delivered at the dinner given to Lord Milner in May 1906, after his return from South Africa.

The subjects on which Curzon spoke with accomplished mastery were unbelievably varied. Putting aside India, the Empire, and public affairs as more or less the everyday business of a statesman of the foremost rank, his themes in this one volume included Eton, Old London, Birds, English Scenery, Literature and Poverty, the Houses of Great Men, Oxford, Old Masters, Universities, and Smoke — that abomination which is destroying all our great architectural possessions. How far ahead he was of his time is evidenced by his tender and eloquent appeal for birds twelve years before the Hudson Bird Sanctuary became an accomplished fact. On all these matters — and many more — he was entitled to be heard. Men who had devoted their lives to any one of them freely admitted that he touched nothing without adorning it, and that to any issue he chose he could bring a sure knowledge that was astounding.

His industry was almost superhuman. He worked far into the night, and early morning found him hard at his correspondence. To the very end of his life, in or out of office, he answered every letter by return and in his own hand. It was his immense knowledge which gave him that feeling of power so often mistaken for arrogance. It gave him also — and rightly so — something not unlike a contempt for those less industrious and less competent than himself, which he did not always successfully conceal — that is, assuming that he very often tried to do so!

Of the many truly fine speeches in *Subjects of the Day*, I personally should be inclined to place highest that delivered at the Albert Hall in December 1907, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Indian Mutiny. It is a noble piece of oratory, and ranks with the greatest oratorical utterances of the past. Addressing the small band of survivors, he said, with a simplicity that was Greek in its restrained beauty: —

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Those of us in this hall who are privileged to be present are gazing for the last time upon one of the supreme pages of history, before it is turned back for ever and stored away on the dusty shelves of time.

The peroration to this speech might well serve for one on the greater sacrifices and the darker days that were yet to come. He had recited a long list of glittering names, — Lawrence, Henry and John Nicholson, Outram, Havelock, Colin Campbell, and others, — and after ushering them formally and with noble diction into the halls of fame he continued: —

And together with these, let us not forget the hundreds more of unknown and inconspicuous dead, who were not the less heroes because their names are not engraved on costly tablets, or because their bodies rest in unmarked Indian graves. Equally with their comrades they were the martyrs and the saviors of their country. Equally with them their monument is an Empire rescued from the brink of destruction, and their epitaph is written in the hearts of their countrymen. The Ridge at Delhi which they held against such overwhelming odds, the Residency at Lucknow which they alternately defended and stormed, the blood-soaked sands at Cawnpore — all these are by their act the sacred places of the British races. For their sake we will guard them with reverence, we dedicate them with humble pride, for they were the altar upon which the British nation offered its best and bravest in the hour of its supreme trial. . . .

The tribute to Scott and his comrades, made as president of the Royal Geographical Society, is worthy of the subject and the occasion. Could any Englishman listen to this untouched: —

These are the five men whom we mourn, with whose widows and families we condole, but for whose shining example their country is grateful and the world the better. May I add the expression of a personal hope that, subject to any strongly avowed wish by those who have an incontestable right to utter it, their bodies may be left where they lie, with the snow as their winding-sheet, the eternal ice as their tomb, and the solemn Antarctic wastes as the graveyard in which it has pleased God that they should sleep. Scott, in particular, could not have a more fitting resting-place than on that great frozen Barrier, whose secrets he was the first to reveal, and amid the scenes which his life and death have rendered immortal.

The manner in which an orator prepares a speech that is, in the fullest sense of the word, successful must always be of interest. If he is to compete with the greatest he must do three things: he must profoundly move his immediate hearers; he must be good to read afterward; and he must achieve something that has form as well as substance. Few orators can do these things to an equal degree. A man may be supremely good at the first, as Mr. Lloyd George, for example, is, and the result at best will be eloquence, at worst rhetoric; it will not be oratory. Like Burke, Lord Balfour is better to read afterward than to listen to, and, while he disdains anything like deliberate form, he achieves a unity all his own by the brilliance of his mind and the perfection of his logic.

Curzon, as a young man, studied Gladstone and his methods, had listened to Bright and Disraeli, and, later, had learned lessons from Chamberlain, Wyndham, and many more. In strictness most noted speakers are only men of great eloquence; they are not orators, because oratory implies — indeed necessitates — preparation, and is higher than eloquence. Curzon desired to become supreme. He succeeded. With the exception of Lord Rosebery and Lord Oxford, it is doubtful if any of his contemporaries equaled him. Rosebery, silver-tongued and versatile, had hardly Curzon's depth, but Lord Oxford can pack more thought into fewer words than any man alive, and it is

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interesting to note that one of Curzon's happiest orations was the fine tribute he paid to Asquith in a speech at Balliol College in June 1913.

Directly the war broke out Curzon set himself the task of going up and down the country addressing great gatherings of people. I was preoccupied by soldiering, and had completely forgotten about *Subjects of the Day*, when I received a letter asking me when the volume was going to press! I pointed out with some diffidence that the time seemed to me no longer opportune, and, moreover, that the title was now meaningless, as there was only one 'subject of the day,' and all that had gone before was as idle words. Curzon did not agree, and, as the event proved, he was right, because when the book appeared in the early part of 1915 it attracted much attention, and its high spirit, and patriotism wide and sane, served in those early hectic days to place the war in a truer perspective. I was summoned to Hackwood for a week-end, and we arranged to include one or two war speeches, thus bringing the volume up to date and justifying its title. I thereupon selected the war speech at Glasgow delivered on September 10 and the address at Harrow School on October 12, 1914.

Curzon foresaw a long war — I think he realized it even before Kitchener did. From the first he showed his devoted admiration for Belgium and her King, and he raised the whole subject of our participation in the war to the highest and noblest plane. At Glasgow, speaking of India, which, as we have seen, ever warmed him to his highest effort, he said: —

> Why are these men coming? What has induced them to volunteer to take part in our fighting? They are thousands of miles away. They cannot hear the thunder or see the smoke of the guns. Their frontiers have not been crossed; their homes are not in jeopardy. They are not of our kith and kin; no call of the blood appeals to them. Is it not clear that they are coming because the Empire means much to them, much more than mere government or power? It speaks to them of justice, of righteousness, of mercy, and of truth.

On such occasions Curzon was at his best; he was the Elder Statesman praising those whom he knew to be worthy. And he never praised without knowledge; therefore the task was satisfyingly and convincingly done.

In a Royal Literary Fund address on 'Literature and Poverty,' made in 1913, he displayed a common sense and sympathetic understanding with which the undiscerning would never have credited him. It was an echo of the early days when the fee he received for an article was a matter of real moment to him: —

> I decline to admit that there is any stimulus in poverty or any inspiration in squalor. Byron was a genius although he was a peer; Burns was a genius although he was a ploughman. But Burns's genius was not due to his being a ploughman, any more than Byron's genius was due to his being a peer.

The speech entitled 'Indian Careers and Indian Viceroys' is in reality the germ of the last task of his life, that great work on the Indian viceroyalty which has recently been published. The idea of making this exhaustive study was in his mind for a very long time. He wanted to write an adequate and permanent record of all that service as a viceroy meant. The following quotation from the speech delivered in 1909 might well serve as an introduction to his final literary task: —

> There is no one of us who has served in India who regrets one day or one hour that he has given to it. Whatever of health or strength he may have sacrificed, — and the sacrifice is sometimes not inconsiderable, — it has been gladly rendered. And

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although, when we come back to this country, we occasionally find that nobody quite knows where we have been, and still less what we have been doing, we feel that our experience in India, whatever it may have been, is something with which we would not part for anything else the world has to offer — that we have had our hand, so to speak, on the pulse of the universe, and have played a part, however humble, in the greatest work that can be given to human beings to perform.

To prove conclusively that he had his full and generous allowance of the milk of human kindness it is only necessary to read the personal tribute to John Oliver Hobbes that he delivered at the unveiling of her Memorial at University College in 1911. It is the measure of a friendship never rashly bestowed but, once given, firm, magnanimous, and understanding, and in it the word fits the thought as the perfume fits the flower.

Although Curzon took immense pains in the preparation of his speeches, he always delivered them from a few simple notes. All the headings, even the details, were first carefully worked out, and as a result became familiar to his mind. He wrote and spoke with the greatest ease, and never hesitated for the right word. Like the ancients, I think he must have written out in full his more important passages, and, unlike them, he then destroyed them. Anyhow, he held that a fine passage should be as good to read as to hear. After all, the famous funeral oration of Pericles was probably written beforehand by Thucydides from notes supplied to him by his distinguished friend.

Curzon, having accumulated his facts, ordered them, and, having decided what he was going to say, had no difficulty in endowing his materials with vivid and forceful life and a grave and dignified form.

Admittedly his spoken orations sometimes lacked that touch of personal warmth which many lesser men have commanded, and which was his at will when he used his pen. It was an abiding misfortune that in the presence of others a deep-rooted pride that had in it elements of nobility, and an unconquerable shyness, made it almost impossible for him to be at his very best. Nevertheless, among his contemporaries no speaker kept a higher all-round excellence, commanded richer beauty of phrase and diction, or touched with equal skill the clarion and the lute. It is true that as he spoke he did not always succeed in making you inhale the sweet perfume of Alexander's body and garments, or see the sunburn on his face and neck; but the large grave outlines, the integrities and nobilities, if not the elusive intimacies, of his subject were always truly there, and, as we have seen, when he spoke under the stress of personal emotion he could command a sure and moving tenderness.

It would be impossible to deal with Curzon the orator and writer apart from Curzon the man. It was always so. However exalted the seat he occupied, men forgot it when they came into contact with the holder; he was so much bigger than the stage on which any of his actions were set! This may sound extravagant, but it is not really so. He had that overmastering quality which cannot be hidden by any office however exalted, and which forced those with whom he dealt into the open in all their thin nakedness.

A truth that must be faced is that he was unpopular with his colleagues, and it was so because he was superior to the majority of them; he knew more than they did; his quick mind had reached the right conclusion before theirs had started fumbling on the way. They did not like this, and perhaps, glutton that he was for work and activity, he showed

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them small patience. He was a great Foreign Secretary. He, of course, knew Europe like the palms of his hands, and he had an intimate knowledge of places in Asia and the East of which his titular chiefs had often never even heard the name! He was born to rule as well as to govern; India was his ideal background, and he should have been Viceroy for life. His great work there was sacrificed to a man who was in the wrong, as events have since clearly proved. It was so throughout his career; misfortune dogged him. His richly happy home life failed to give him the son and heir he so ardently desired. Indifferent health was his almost lifelong portion. He hated inefficiency, and was compelled in public life to wink at it; he hated mediocrities, and in politics and public life he was always among them. The corollary to this was notable; it meant that he appreciated all excellence and always went out of his way to praise it.

He had a right and noble ambition to be Prime Minister — a legitimate aspiration which a cruel combination of circumstances frustrated.

He had great magnanimity, as the last two years of his life magnificently proved. Denied the Premiership, he was later even denied the Foreign Secretaryship. He was offered and meekly accepted the empty honor of Lord Privy Seal. He never complained or repined, and never once in a long career affording many legitimate and tempting opportunities did he retort, 'I told you so.' These are not little things to record of any man; in truth Curzon was in the great succession.

We have been told that late in life he complained to an outsider and said he felt himself a cipher. To those who knew him best this does not ring true. He never complained; he could never have named himself a cipher, because none knew better than he that, however it may have appeared, he never once in his life occupied that position; men always had to take Curzon into account. At the end he bowed to what he was told was best for his country and his Party. His high sense of public duty never once deserted him.

As with all men, his defects stood between him and the supreme success to which he was entitled. It is one of the unfathomable paradoxes of life that it must ever be so. The man can always measure his own possibilities, and has the heart's bitterness of knowing how far he has fallen below them. Also he can make allowances for himself with a clarity denied to all but God. To a man like Curzon, realizing how truly great were his own gifts and how comparatively trivial his imperfections, the failure of his contemporaries to give him the highest place was indeed bitter. Yet the moment he passed from the sound of human praise or blame we, seeing truly with that terrible, that sudden illumination of death, divined him in his fullness and forgave him all his faults. Already, as is the kindly way of men, we think only of his wit, his charm, his boyish abandon, his high gift of unfailing friendship and helpfulness; of his greatness and his magnificent services to the State all are now agreed. Soon everything of him but what was sweet and fair and great will pass away; his personality will no longer stand between him and his achievements. Then shall we acclaim him as one of the greatest of our sons; he will undoubtedly stand for all time in the first rank of British statesmen. The restraint, dignity, and magnanimity of his last years will be held in sad remembrance now that we realize that to him, as to us, life did not come with both hands full, only because it does not to any man.

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'SEDET ATRA —'

BY CECIL DAY LEWIS

[*Spectator*]

When you see the dwarf stare
In through the lattice
Puckered with malice,
Householder, beware!
Do those glum eyes peer?
(Slam-to the shutter)
They are melting your butter
And curdling your beer.
Before many moons
He will crack all the crockery
With his thin mockery
And tarnish the spoons.
Yet worse shall betide;
For he will clamber
To the bridechamber
And glower at the bride,
Fading the gold
That livened her tresses,
Souring caresses
Till your saint is a scold.
Soon he will pace
With tread more emphatic
From cellar to attic —
Lord of the place;
Till your heart's but a stock,
With dead leaves bedizened
And dry as the wizened
Tick of a clock.
Householder, beware
When leers through the lattice
Shriveled with malice
The black dwarf, Care!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A POEM WITHOUT SIBILANTS

How much attention should a poet give to the avoidance of sibilant sounds? Matthew Arnold could never have asked that question, or he would not have written: —

> Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days my mind?

And Keats should perhaps have avoided: —

> My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
> My sense.

In such lines it is not clear that the hissing sounds add anything valuable to the effect. In a line like the following, however, Swinburne certainly knew what he was about: —

> O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow.

And who can say how much of the effect of the following lines is due to the absence of such sounds? —

> And like another Helen fir'd another Troy.
>
> To me, fair friend, you never can be old.
>
> Forever panting, and forever young.
>
> And fade into the light of common day.

The difficulty of recalling such lines proves how unnecessary to melody is the entire absence of *s*'s, *sh*'s, and *z*'s; but no one will deny that, except for special purposes, they are to be used attentively. A young English poet named Victor Ballan has published in *Poetry of To-day* a poem of forty-two lines in which he avoids the dangerous sound with unique completeness. The poem is entitled 'Reverie': —

> If I dare to dream a dream,
> Not the night and not the moon
> Call me from the world away,
> But the quiet noon,
> And the water dappled gray
> Where the trout and minnow play
> Hidden from the torrid day —
> There I dream my dream.
>
> When I look for purer thought
> Than I'm inly prone to find,
> There I go, where oft I've caught
> Heavenly calm of mind.
> Rapt, upon the river bank
> Bordered by the verdure rank,
> Lifted nigh to God, I thank
> Love for purer thought.
>
> Fragrant air and lowing kine,
> Rippled ring and mirrored vault,
> In a unity combine
> Clear from earthly fault.
> Lone, I liberate my heart
> Unafraid, with God apart,
> Free to contemplate that Art
> Wrought in multichrome divine —
> Living, lived condign.
>
> Temporal care awhile forgot,
> Upper-worldly plea I make,
> Praying that my ample lot
> Be the boon to wake
> Dowered by a mellower will,
> Ripe in faith, and fruitful till
> Toil and reverie fulfill
> All I undertake.
>
> Fortified, I quit my dream,
> Confident to labor true
> That another nobler be,
> Reft of all I rue —
> Righter for the wrong I flee,
> Joying with more hallowed glee,
> Calmer for my reverie —
> I, with heart empowered anew,
> Wakened from my dream.

One cannot but admire the ingenuity of the experiment, and this poem is

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probably about as good as such a poem could be — though we should like to see what Swinburne might have done with the task. It illustrates, nevertheless, an old dictum — that a *tour de force* can never be a first-rate poem. And what injury have sibilants done to such lines as these? —

> Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
> Through the ashes of my chance.
>
> And surely more than all things sleep were sweet.
>
> In singing troops and sweet societies.
>
> So was I once myself a swinger of birches.

*

'MADAME BUTTERFLY' IN JAPAN

CARRYING coals to Newcastle is an undertaking hardly more superfluous, it would seem at first blush, than taking *Hamlet* to England, as the Italian actor Ruggero Ruggeri has recently done, or *Madame Butterfly* to Japan — an act of daring performed not long ago by an Italian opera company. Yet London audiences, largely but not entirely made up of Italians, welcomed the former with interest and cordiality, and a Tokyo correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that, in spite of certain obvious obstacles to perfect hospitality, Puccini's opera was received by the Japanese with great applause.

Some members of the audience at the Imperial Theatre, it is true, could not bring themselves to take *Madame Butterfly* as anything but a travesty on Japanese life and customs, but it is possible to appreciate their attitude if one tries to imagine seeing in New York a Japanese opera company — or its equivalent! — having its way with *The Girl of the Golden West*, or, worse, with an opera on such a subject by a Japanese *maestro*. The costume worn by Cho-Cho-San's uncle, 'The Bonze,' we are told, resembled that of Cardinal Wolsey rather than the clothes of a Japanese priest; and the singers who took the rôles of Sharpless and Lieutenant Pinkerton committed a grave breach of etiquette by entering a Japanese house — on the stage — with their boots on. These details must have gone down hard with the audience, but in one instance — Cho-Cho-San's song at the end of the second scene — they were sufficiently delighted to demand an encore.

*

AN UNCONVENTIONAL REACTION

IT is the special danger of a reputation like Sir James Barrie's that it offers a rich ground for sentimentalism and mawkishness, and if now and then some hard-headed realist loses his patience over the payment of indiscriminate homage to such a writer, that is no more than one might expect. A 'colyumnist' in the *Saturday Review* who signs himself 'Tallyman' finds himself moved to just this sort of protest over Sir James's recent speech at a dinner given to the Australian cricketers on their arrival in England.

'If there is only one thing in which I should like to see a reversion to war conditions,' he says, 'there very emphatically is one — the rationing of Maconochie. Sir James Barrie is a highly successful writer, whom many people admire the other side of idolatry, and some, of whom I am one, about a furlong this side of it. Let him write and flourish. But let him not be tempted by the familiar spirit he invented and named Maconochie to further indulgence in the playful vein of oratory. The preposterous sycophancy of most of the daily papers should not delude him — they are subedited by Scotsmen; but the readers are chiefly English, and their gorge rises at the kind of thing Sir James Barrie is lured into uttering. I cannot speak for the Australian cricketers; physically manly

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people sometimes have a taste for the intellectually sickly. But some of us others cannot endure the feeble fantasies, sugared sentiment, industrious jesting, of Sir James Barrie's speeches in connection with cricket or any other subject. They are in thoroughly bad taste, and ought to be discontinued.'

❋

THE TWELVE BEST ACTRESSES — AND ACTORS

Mr. Herbert Farjeon, the dramatic critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, is a bold man. He recently drew up a list of the twelve actresses whom he considers England's best, and even apologized for having merely underlined the obvious. How many names in his list are familiar to American playgoers? It included: Sara Allgood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Fay Compton, Gwen Ffrangcon Davies, Edith Evans, Ada King, Maire O'Neill, Athene Seyler, Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike, Madge Titheradge, and Irene Vanbrugh. His corresponding list of actors, which omits Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir John Martin-Harvey, and Henry Ainley, has even fewer international names: Frank Cellier, Franklyn Dyall, Robert Farquharson, Seymour Hicks, Baliol Holloway, Herbert Lomas, Norman McKinnel, Miles Malleson, Hay Petrie, Leon Quartermaine, Claude Rains, and Arthur Sinclair. Mr. George Arliss, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Norman Trevor — to name no others — are probably omitted as irrevocably expatriate!

❋

FOR A WELSH NATIONAL THEATRE

Ireland and Scotland, as Mr. Shirland Quin points out in the *Daily Telegraph*, have been interpreted artistically to English audiences not only through their own plays but through their own actors. The Welsh drama — for it exists — is not unknown to London theatregoers, but it is purveyed to them through the medium of English actors, and on those terms, protests Mr. Quin, it can never be fairly appreciated. 'Imagine *Juno and the Paycock* presented by an all-English cast. The thing is unthinkable. Yet that kind of production is all that the Welsh dramatist has been able to get in London hitherto.'

In 1925 two Welsh dramas were seen in the West End, — Mr. Richard Hughes's *The Comedy of Good and Evil* and Mr. Caradoc Evans's *Taffy*, — and the critical reaction to both was extremely favorable. Mr. Quin believes that the drama has a future in Wales if, even as things are, such men as these two writers can be produced, but he foresees a danger that Welsh playwrights will turn from local and national subjects to 'themes which can and should be interpreted by English artists.' Companies of native actors do exist in Wales, and last summer two of these gave performances at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. What Mr. Quin urges is that such companies, which are on a more or less amateur basis, should be combined for serious professional work, and a fund established for a Welsh National Theatre.

❋

KEMAL'S STATUE

'The first statue to be erected in Turkey' will perhaps never be erected after all. The Austrian sculptor's bronze representation of Mustapha Kemal, which was to have been set up on Seraglio Point in Constantinople, has aroused a storm of protest in the former Turkish capital, on the ground that it is a highly unsuccessful portrait of the Turkish hero and that its erection would be an injury to the self-respect of the nation. Certainly the

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picture of that statue in the *Manchester Guardian* — a somewhat expressionless bronze gentleman in an ill-fitting business suit, standing in an uncomfortable posture — helps to account for the response made to it by the citizens of Constantinople. It is said that photographs of the work from every angle have been taken to Angora for the approval of the President himself, and that if they fail to meet it the statue will be quietly stowed away in a cellar and Herr Krippel paid for his work according to the contract.

❧

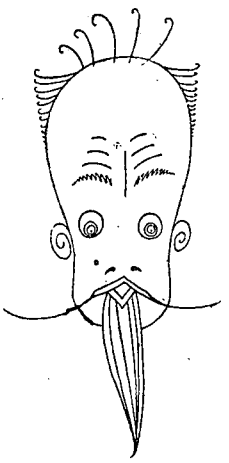
A MANET FOR ENGLAND

THE treasures of English art may be vanishing to America in alarming proportions, but perhaps English art-lovers may find compensation in the number and quality of Continental pictures and statues they have recently acquired. Most of these have come and will continue to come through the use of a fund of fifty thousand pounds given to the Tate Gallery by the well-known collector, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, for this express purpose. The latest acquisition is an extremely fine Manet, the famous *Bar des Folies Bergère*, the exhibition of which at the Salon of 1882 was the occasion for Manet's admission to the Légion d'Honneur. The writer Huysmans said of it at the time that it 'is certainly the most modern and most interesting picture at the present Salon.'

❧

A GREAT LIBRARY

THE American School of Classical Studies in Athens recently received as a gift in trust from Mr. John Gennadios, for many years Greek Minister in London, one of the finest private libraries in Europe. To bibliophiles, says the *Morning Post*, the fine bindings, many of them designed by the owner, are the most interesting feature of the collection. Several of these beautifully bound books have been owned by royal personages; Henry VIII's copy of Erasmus's work on the pronunciation of Greek, Louis XIV's copies of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and books owned by James I, George III, Napoleon, and Nicholas I of Russia, are in the collection. Racine's copy of Hesiod and a presentation copy of a work by Casaubon are among the association volumes. Of very early editions there are the first Greek book to be printed, — Laskaris's Greek Grammar, printed at Milan in 1476, — the Milanese Greek and Latin Psalter of 1481, and the *editio princeps* of Suidas's Lexicon of 1499. There are also the first Greek books printed in Paris, Vienna, Spain, and Athens.



COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING
[Bagaría in *El Sol*]

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Science and the Modern World, by A. N. Whitehead. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press; New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

[*Outlook*]

PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S book on the *Concept of Nature* is rightly recognized as one of the outstanding achievements, perhaps indeed the outstanding achievement, of English post-war philosophical thought. It has not, it is true, the clarity of phrase and brilliance of style that marked Professor Eddington's almost contemporary work on *Space, Time and Gravitation;* it was frankly rather difficult going here and there. But those who persevered along a path that was at times somewhat rough and rugged were more than rewarded by the vision from the rarefied height to which Professor Whitehead conducted his readers. If he made no concessions to mere popularity of treatment, he achieved in compensation a depth of thought that possessed an austere beauty of its own — that severity of intellectual beauty which can be achieved only when the mind is steeped in mathematics.

It was therefore with every anticipation of pleasure that one turned to Professor Whitehead's new book on *Science and the Modern World.* Those who had already toiled up the steep and difficult path of natural philosophy with him before were assured in advance that the reward would be worth the travail; half at least of the road would probably be a familiar memory, and there was at least the possibility that in the intervening years Professor Whitehead might himself have reached a still more commanding height of vision.

So far at least as the first part of the book is concerned, these expectations are not disappointed. The earlier chapters or lectures contain a minute and penetrating analysis of the developments of European thought through the centuries. Professor Whitehead makes it clear that had he chosen he could have been as good an historian as philosopher; it is not usual to find an authority on mechanics and geometry able to quote Gregory the Great and other authorities of the Dark Ages in proof or disproof of modern instances.

Moreover, the Professor has a real, if unexpected, sense of humor, occasionally of a slightly sardonic kind. This is of genuine assistance to his argument in his very short and somewhat too elementary exposition of the quantum theory; but wit is a perilous gift of the gods, and it perhaps leads him a little too near to paradox at other times to be an entirely safe ally in the classroom. It is, for example, extremely diverting to be told that the mediæval and Renaissance Church objected to scientific discovery on purely rationalist grounds; and no doubt there is a great deal of truth in the picture of the man of science as a gay adventurer and romantic pioneer pushing forward into the unknown, while the priest, with a logically closed system of belief in one hand, and a fagot in the other, looked on distrustfully at these excursions. But this can hardly be accepted as a full statement of the conflict between European religion and science through the ages, and this easy method of treatment would perhaps have been more suited to an essay by Mr. Chesterton in one of the reviews than to a series of lectures before a great American university.

On the other hand, Professor Whitehead shows an amazing knowledge of English poetry, which he quotes with an extraordinary insight into the poetic mind. He is always ready with exactly the right passage to prove his case, and this, it must be admitted, is not an easy task when one remembers the voluminous Wordsworth, the mass as well as the majesty of Milton, and the bulk as well as the beauty of Shelley. Poets are almost always more prolific than philosophers or men of science; the best of their work becomes proverbial, but the ruck of verse is familiar only to the

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specialist. I said above that Professor Whitehead might have made his mark as an historian. I must perforce amend that statement, and admit that as a literary critic he would have taken very high rank. These, however, are the might-have-beens, the stray facets on the diamond; Professor Whitehead in fact only quotes the poets as he quotes the theologians, to illustrate some point in his survey of European thought.

The first three-quarters of the book is superb; indeed, it would be difficult to suggest anything of the kind that attempts to rival it. The last pages are frankly less satisfactory. It is true that the treatment imposed by the limitations of the lecture is necessarily too concise and summary to have been in any event quite satisfactory in dealing with so large a theme, but that particular fault could easily have been amended by expansion in book form, and the real trouble goes a good deal deeper. There seems in fact to be a real inconsistency in Professor Whitehead's philosophy, as though he had not worked out his thought to its ultimate conclusion.

In the earlier part of this work he speaks of a real conflict of ideas as to ultimate ends as involving an inconsistency which operated to enfeeble the character of European thought, but the attentive reader of his last three lectures on religion will be by no means sure that the Professor has himself escaped a precisely similar contradiction. It is true that he defines religion in a noble phrase as 'an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable.' But religion is concerned both immediately and ultimately with God, and here Dr. Whitehead's researches and thought have yielded him less than in almost any other section of his work. The God he adopts after some natural hesitation is practically the God formulated in Professor Alexander's well-known lectures on *Space, Time and Deity* — the conception of deity that has been more or less endorsed by Bergson, Professor Lloyd Morgan, and other writers. This is in fact a necessary consequence of vitalist thought — an 'Emergent Deity' struggling with intractable matter in a universe in which it is imprisoned; in a pessimistic mood the idea may lead to something not very different from Manichæism, while in an optimistic mood it is neither more nor less than Tennyson's familiar 'through the ages one increasing purpose runs.' This gradually improving and enlarging deity, faintly reminiscent of a struggling limited company that can hope some day to pay a small dividend at least to its human shareholders who own the bulk of the preference shares, may or may not be accepted as adequate and credible by vitalists. But Professor Whitehead is a mechanist and derides the vitalist position, which is indeed becoming almost untenable. Yet he too, having rejected and scorned the foundation of the vitalist church, is inclined to admire and indeed to annex its steeple.

The truth is that it is precisely at this point that the author's critical faculty deserts him; he has thought out his position so far but no farther, and henceforth he is no longer a leader but a disciple of Professor Alexander. In other words, this is the God he would like to have, and therefore this is the God for him. But if he desires to fit this vitalist deity into the plan of his concept of nature, I at least shall be curious to see by what process of ratiocination he succeeds in harmonizing the antilogy between the mechanist scheme and a vitalist deity. Perhaps Professor Whitehead will devote a new series of his stimulating lectures to elucidating this apparent contradiction.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Delight, by Mazo de la Roche. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $2.00.

MANY modern novelists seem to take a strange pleasure in giving their characters fantastic names. But few have christened any character in such a remarkable way as has Mazo de la Roche. Delight is the heroine's name in this new book by the author of *Possession*. Delight Mainprize is the illegitimate child of an Englishwoman and a Russian clog-dancer. She goes to Canada, and there succeeds in making all the men of a small town fall desperately in love with her. She is one of those rare girls who can kiss any man in the same spirit as she would her brother. Needless to say, all the former belles are enraged by her success. Finally they gather forces and attack her. Just at the right moment, however, Delight is rescued by the faithful, and everything is 'hotsy-totsy.' Among the many defects in this book the chief is the absurd exaggeration that is supposed to furnish the comic relief. The greatest virtue is the fact that the author never seems to take the book very seriously. It obviously has no ideal before it urging it up the incline to greatness, and for this reason perhaps one can excuse its failings.

A Poetry Recital, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1926. $1.75.

'THIS book,' says Mr. Stephens, 'is not to be taken as a final selection from my work in verse, but as containing the poems which I consider to be best adapted for public utterance.' The volume, indeed, is made up of the poems that Mr. Stephens read to his audiences on his tour in this country, and readers who enjoyed his own interpretation of them will be glad to have them in this form. Carpers may complain that adaptation to public utterance is too arbitrary a basis for the selection and grouping of poems, and it is true that these poems are somewhat insistently open-voweled, resonant, and onomatopœic. It is true also that Mr. Stephens's vein will seem to many readers insubstantial and even flimsy. But others will be grateful for the purity of his lyrical tones and for a streak of quite personal humor that is not inconsistent with it.

Last Essays, by Joseph Conrad. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926. $2.00.

THE essay was not an entirely happy mode of expression for Conrad, and his ventures into the field have always about them that air of constraint which overcasts even his work in fiction, except at its best, and which seems to have been the penalty for his failure to achieve integration and composure as a writer. Yet even the least partisan reader of Conrad will concede that his mind had an inalienable distinction, and will recognize that it lends a kind of formal impressiveness to such pieces of prose as the long essay on 'Geography and Some Explorers' in this volume. And it is not only Conradians who will be glad to have his delicately worded accounts of Stephen Crane in accessible form. Along with *Notes on Life and Letters*, *Last Essays* contains what is most worth preserving in Conrad's miscellaneous writing.

Later Days, by W. H. Davies. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1926. $2.00.

THESE reminiscences, says the blurb on the jacket, 'are filled with the wisdom of the sage, the poet's love of beauty, the philosopher's wit.' Regard these examples of each: 'war is a cruel thing'; 'it must be remembered that the month was May, and if a bird could not sing it danced, because of the great light that was in the air'; '"How do you spell it [Boar's Hill]?" asked the young foreigner. . . . "B–o–r–e–s," I answered, laughing to myself.' Wisdom, beauty, and wit are no doubt relative matters, and readers who are not too exacting will perhaps find all three in even so foolish and inept a book as this of Mr. Davies's. Others will wonder how a poet of genuine if minor inspiration could have had so much contact with distinguished men — Hudson, Conrad, Hodgson, Bennett, Sickert, for example — and have seen so little worth recording in their personalities. The trivial comes close to apotheosis in Mr. Davies's chatty pages.

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JULY EVENTS ABROAD

BELGIUM

Commercial Fair. Ostend. During the month.

International Aviation Rally, International Automobile Rally. Ostend. During the month.

Royal Automobile Clubs Prize Race. Spa. July 3–4.

Communal fêtes. Ghent. July 18–25.

Regatta and National Fête. Brussels. July 21–22.

Procession of Penitents. Furnes. July 25.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Seventh Sokol Congress. Prague. July 7.

Agricultural and Industrial Fair. Jaromer. July 3–August 2.

DENMARK

Yearly Festival Meeting. Rebild Hills. July 5.

International Motor Meet. Fano. July 5–6.

FRANCE

Annual Agricultural and Industrial Fair. Provins. During the month.

Annual Agricultural and Commercial Fair. Tulle. During the month.

Exhibition and Fair. Alais. July 1–15.

Fifth Annual Industrial and Commercial Exhibition. Orléans. July 5–14.

Third Annual Sample Fair of the Northern Countries. Dunkirk. July 10–26.

Fifth Annual Fair of Medicinal Herbs. Milly-en-Gâtinais. July 11–14.

Tenth Annual International and Colonial Sample Fair. Bordeaux. July 15–30.

GERMANY

Third Agricultural Show at Cologne. Horse races at Wiesbaden. Festival of Roses at Mainz. *Wiener Schubert Bund* at Karlsruhe. Children's Festival at Biberach. During the month.

General Meeting of the German Miners' Union. Saarbrücken. July 4.

German Sports Contest. Cologne. July 4–11.

Bicycle Race, Riding Sport Festival. Stuttgart. July 11.

Heidelberg Rowing Regatta. Heidelberg. July 18.

St. Jakobi Festival Historical Play. Wildburg. July 25.

Festival Play, *Fiddler of Gmünd*. Schwäbisch Gmünd. July 25–August 15.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

Eighth Toy and Fancy Goods Fair at London. Henley Regatta at Henley. Society of Chemical Industry Conference at London. Royal Northern Agricultural Show at Aberdeen. Moray Golf Tournament at Lossiemouth. During the month.

Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations. Oxford. July 1.

National Rose Society Summer Show. Crystal Palace, London. July 2.

Royal Automobile Club Meeting. Brooklands. July 3.

Royal Air Force Pageant at London Airdrome. Hendon. July 3.

Royal Agricultural Society of England Show. Reading. July 6–10.

Third Test Match (Cricket), England *vs.* Australia. Leeds. July 10–13.

Coronation Cup, Polo. Ranelagh. July 12–17.

Health Exposition. Edinburgh. July 20–25.

Yorkshire Agricultural Society Show. Harrogate. July 21–23.

Croagh Patrick Pilgrimage. Westport, Ireland. July 25.

Fourth Test Match (Cricket), England *vs.* Australia. Manchester. July 24–27.

Eighteenth Universal Congress of Esperanto. Edinburgh. July 31–August 8.

HOLLAND

Exhibition of Working Administration. Amsterdam. June 29–July 29.

International Union of University Women. Amsterdam. July 30.

ITALY

Vigil in the Sanctuary. Arrival of pilgrims from Sannio, Molise, and Abruzzo in characteristic costumes. Benevento. July 1, 2, 3.

Races. Siena. July 2.

Feast of the Madonna of Grace. Scanno. July 5.

Women's National Tennis Matches. Venice. July 5–15.

Motor-cycle Circuit of the Savio. Ravenna. July 11.

Motor-cycle Circuit of the Lario. Como. July 11.

Fair of St. Guido. Acqui. July 13–15.

Feast of the Redeemer. Venice. July 18.

Inauguration of the Orphanage of Francis Gonella. Bordighera. July 18.

German-Italian Tennis Matches. Venice. July 24–25.

Exposition of SS. Anello and Mary. Perugia. July 31.

SWEDEN

International Regatta at Langedrag. Goteborg. July 8–15.

Conference of Executive Committee, International Missionary Council. Rättvik. July 17–26.

SWITZERLAND

Sports Show. Zurich. June 15–July 15.

Navigation and Water-Power Show. Basel. July 1–September 15.

International Concours Hippique. Lucerne. July 3–12.

International Rowing Regatta. Zurich. July 3–4.

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

June 5, 1926

THE BRITISH COAL SITUATION. Why are the conditions in the coal industry different from those in other British industries? Explain the loss of markets for British coal. Summarize the pessimistic and the optimistic conclusions of the Coal Commission. What recommendations does the Commission make? Where do they fall short? Discuss this writer's view of the situation.

AFTER LIBYA, WHAT? Explain: 'The tribune of Monte Citorio and the balcony of the Chigi Palace did not afford him a big enough sounding board.' How does this writer account for Mussolini's trip to Africa? Tell what you may be able to learn about the acquisition of Tripoli by Italy. Why should the Italian Government be seeking colonial outlets?

THE RIDDLE OF CELLULOSE. Account for the importance of cellulose. Summarize Nägeli's contributions to our knowledge of it. What are the differences between natural and artificial cellulose? How has the use of X-rays contributed to the solution of the problem?

THE FRENCH CHILD AT HOME AND AT SCHOOL. Account for the comparative absence of children in French literature. Who were: Alphonse Daudet, George Sand, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Jules Verne? What are the good features of French education? Has it any serious defects?

LORD CURZON: THE ORATOR AND THE MAN. Report on what you may be able to learn about Lord Curzon's career. Summarize his qualities as an orator. Does the account here given of his personality make it attractive to you?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room; they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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RUMFORD PRESS

DO "CO-EDS" MAKE GOOD MOTHERS?

STARTLING statements on co-education from the pen of Frank R. Arnold are in the June Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Dr. Arnold graduated from Bowdoin College and has been teaching at co-educational institutions for more than twenty years.

* * *

"The Mating Season of Co-Education" is the result of much thought on the subject. It is amusingly written. And if you have a son or daughter in a "co-ed" institution it will give you a sudden jolt.

* * *

What killed liberalism? William Allen White saw the movement begin in the '90's. He has been in the front rank of progressive politics ever since. Read his "The End of An Epoch" in the June Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Keen characterizations of Wilson, Roosevelt, Bryan, La Follette point the article.

* * *

It is a story of the whole movement written with the brilliance and the wisdom which has made the world beat a path to this Kansas editor's door.

* * *

Ellsworth Huntington, who watches the weather and is one of our greatest authorities on climate, advances the revolutionary statement that dry climate is less healthy than wet climate. Read his "What the Weather Does to Us."

* * *

"Earthquake Days in Santa Barbara" by Henry S. Pritchett is a story of experiences in the disaster written by the President of the Carnegie Foundation.

* * *

Have you been reading Will James's stories of "Smoky"? The third of his tales of "a one-man horse" appears in the June Scribner's, illustrated by his exceedingly vivid drawings. James is a real cowboy who writes cowboy language.

* * *

Three other stories and important chapters of Galsworthy's new novel "The Silver Spoon" make up a fiction offering remarkable for its variety and its quality.

* * *

William Lyon Phelps has a particularly good supply of pithy comment in his "As I Like It".

* * *

Royal Cortissoz, who watches schools of art come and go, writes on "The Genius of Water-Color Painting" in "The Field of Art".

* * *

Every article, every story in this June Scribner's is full of interest and entertainment. Don't by any means miss it. It's on the newsstands now.

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